

The Daily Mirror

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OPERATED ON.



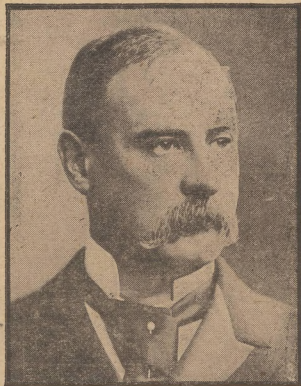
Princess Victoria, the King's second daughter, who is the latest victim to appendicitis. A successful operation was performed yesterday by Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, and everybody will hope for her Royal Highness's speedy recovery.—(W. and D. Downey.)

TAKEN ON THE DAY OF HIS ARREST.



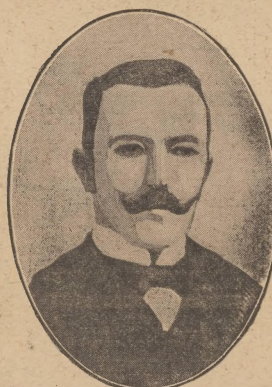
This photograph of Maxime Gorky, the well-known Russian writer, who is now a prisoner in the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul, was taken on the day of his arrest. He was wearing these clothes when captured and hurried away by the police. His friends fear he will be hanged.

SURGEONS WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION.



When Princess Victoria was seen by Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking at Sandringham it was decided that an operation would be necessary. The first photograph shows Sir Frederick Treves, the actual operator, and the second Sir Francis Laking, who assisted in performing the operation.—(Lafayette and Fradelle and Young.)

THE "AGENCE LATINE." RUSSIAN PRINCE'S DANGER



The director of the "Agence Latine" in Paris, which accused England of assisting Russian strikers.



Prince Troubetskoï, on whose life an attempt has been made. A live bomb was discovered at his residence in Paris.

PRINCESS VICTORIA

Undergoes an Operation for Appendicitis.

NATION'S SYMPATHY

Patient Reported To Be Making Satisfactory Progress.

LATEST BULLETIN.

The Princess Victoria, second daughter of the King and Queen, was operated upon yesterday morning by Sir Frederick Treves for appendicitis. She is progressing satisfactorily.

She has been at Buckingham Palace since Friday last, preparing for the operation, and the King and Queen returned yesterday.

Though the Princess has been in bad health for some time past, it had not been imagined that her condition was so serious, and the news comes as a shock to the nation.

Indeed, when Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking went to Sandringham on the 17th, but returned the next day, it was said that the Princess had been suffering from influenza, but was better again.

One thing is a pleasure to remember. Sir Frederick Treves, though retired from public practice, is the most eminent of all specialists in appendicitis cases, and in better hands than his or under a more watchful eye than that of Sir Francis Laking, the Princess could not be placed.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark left the Palace at noon, and it is a reassuring fact that it has not been thought necessary to recall the Prince of Wales from Ireland, and the Princess of Wales is still at Windsor.

LAST NIGHT'S BULLETIN.

Princess Victoria Passes a Fair Day in Spite of Her Pain.

Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking visited Princess Victoria last evening and issued the following bulletin shortly before 7.45:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 7 p.m.—Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, in spite of inevitable pain and discomfort, has passed a fair day. No untoward symptoms have appeared. (Signed) FRANCIS LAKING, FREDERICK TREVES.

It is proposed to issue two bulletins daily, one in the morning and one in the evening.

ILLNESS SUDDEN.

Operation Put Off Till the Princess Regained Her Strength.

Our special correspondent writes as follows:—

With painful suddenness came the news yesterday forenoon that Princess Victoria, the second daughter of the King and Queen, had been operated upon for appendicitis.

For some months past Her Royal Highness has been in indifferent health, and the severe attack of influenza she caught while visiting with her Majesties at Chatsworth at the beginning of last month, has culminated in a serious illness.

Not a little anxiety was felt a few weeks ago when Sir Frederick Treves, who some time ago retired from practice, was summoned to Sandringham to see Princess Victoria. The visit seemed to portend that her health was not satisfactory.

As a matter of fact, the famous surgeon then pronounced that an operation would be necessary, but that he could not undertake to perform it until the patient had regained strength after her severe attack of influenza.

Princess Victoria and her sister Princess Charles of Denmark arrived at Buckingham Palace last Friday, and the operation was to have taken place in about a fortnight's time.

NO TIME TO BE LOST.

But after a consultation, the surgeons decided that no time must be lost, and the King and Queen returning to London on Monday the operation was

successfully carried out yesterday morning about ten o'clock.

Almost precisely the same arrangements prevailed as on the occasion when his Majesty the King underwent the same operation in June, 1902, when the nation and the whole world held its breath with anxiety.

Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking performed the difficult task, which took almost an hour, but there were two other doctors in attendance and two nurses, one of whom had attended the King, and both of whom came from King Edward the Seventh's Hospital, founded by Miss Agnes Keyser.

The glass operating-table and all the instruments used also came from the same hospital.

The Queen, with Princess Charles of Denmark and Miss Knollys, waited in an adjoining room in the utmost anxiety until a message came that the Princess had borne the operation successfully, and was quiet and composed.

KING ALONE IN HIS STUDY.

His Majesty remained alone in his private study until the news was brought to him, and both he and the Queen received Sir Frederick Treves and thanked him before he took his departure from the Palace. Sir Francis Laking, however, remained with the patient until late in the afternoon.

The fact that the ceremony of changing the Guard took place at St. James's Palace instead of Buckingham Palace had caused some surprise. While some visitors to the Mall were still standing near the Palace their attention was directed to two of the windows. At one of them, which was partially open, Sir Francis Treves was seen with Sir Francis Laking beside him. At the other were Queen Alexandra and Princess Charles of Denmark, each engaged in wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. This was just after the operation had been performed. The Queen showed all the anxiety and tender solicitude which were so strikingly shown at the time of the King's illness.

A bulletin issued at 2.15 stated that her Royal Highness was progressing satisfactorily, but the strictest quiet has been enjoined and her Majesty and Princess Charles of Denmark were not permitted to see the patient yesterday, and will probably not be allowed to-day either.

MESSAGE FROM THE CITY.

The Lord Mayor telegraphed to Lord Knollys at Buckingham Palace expressing the sympathy of the citizens of London with their Majesties in the illness of Princess Victoria.

The following message was received at the Mansion House later in the afternoon:—

Buckingham Palace.
To the Lord Mayor of London, Mansion House, E.C.

I have had the honour of submitting your Lordship's telegram to the King and Queen, and I am commanded by their Majesties, in reply, to request you to convey to the Corporation and citizens of the City of London their cordial appreciation of the loyal sympathy expressed by them respecting Princess Victoria. (Signed) KNOLLYS.

THE PRINCESS AT HOME.

She Is Reserved, but a Wonderfully Sympathetic Friend.

Princess Victoria of England is the second daughter of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. She was born on July 6, 1868.

The Princess, like her elder sister, the Duchess of Fife, is of a somewhat reserved nature, and, her health not being very robust, she does not take so important or public a position as she otherwise would as the only unmarried daughter of the King and Queen of England.

Like all our Royal Family, Princess Victoria delights to throw off the trammels of royalty, and enjoys nothing better than a quiet tour, preferably on a bicycle, with two or three friends, travelling incognito and staying at quiet country inns. She has made a number of expeditions of this nature accompanied by Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave.

CAPTAIN KLADO'S EVIDENCE

PARIS, Tuesday.—Captain Klado was the chief witness examined at the sitting of the Commission this morning, his evidence being preceded by that of Lieutenant Valron, of the Kamchatka.

He said at once on being asked to describe the waves and the silhouette of a lit ship travelling along close to the water. He put his searchlight on her.

"Our suspicions were confirmed," proceeded witness, "it was a torpedo-boat. We fired on it, and then the signalling reported another ship with two masts and one funnel. We opened our searchlight on her."

"Then we saw in the far distance a searchlight, which we took to be a Russian warship. I think the Crane was struck by a shot which was directed on the torpedo-boat. The torpedo-boats divided, those on the left following us. The firing of the squadron lasted exactly nine minutes."

At the afternoon sitting Lieutenant Schramm corroborated Captain Klado's evidence and added that all steps had been taken to guard against a possible attack, as the Russians knew that the enemy intended to attack them. They had received a circular communication from the Chief of Staff, which ran, "Take care, hostile ships nearing. Torpedo attacks possible."

POLAND UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

Troops Rushed to Warsaw to Overawe Revolutionists.

13,000 ARRESTS.

Many Fresh Risings Reported from Provincial Centres.

Drastic measures have been taken to quell the rising in Poland.

Eight out of the ten Polish governments are to be placed under martial law.

Four new regiments, two of cavalry and two of infantry, have been quartered at Warsaw.

The official version of the disturbance at Warsaw has been published, and estimates the number of persons killed at two only. It is believed that the dead number at least 300.

Two thousand persons have wrecked the post office, town hall, and a number of wine shops at a small town near Grodno.

Arrests continue to be made throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. Since January 22 no less than 13,000 persons have been apprehended.

An authoritative statement is made by Reuter that Maxime Gorky is in no danger of being hanged.

In several provincial centres work has been resumed, but fresh outbreaks are reported from Ekaterinoslav, Tiflis, and Grodno.

FRESH WARSAW RIOTS.

Arrival of Strong Forces of Cavalry and Foot Regiments.

WARSAW, Tuesday.—By order of the Chief of Police, the doorways of the houses have been closed, and only people living on the premises are admitted.

Two infantry regiments and two dragoon regiments have arrived here.

Enormous crowds assembled yesterday in the Marsalkowska-street, but they dispersed quietly. At some points of the town, however, encounters occurred with the police and troops, in which several persons were killed and many injured.

Fighting continues in the outer suburbs, and cases of the treacherous stabbing of soldiers are frequent.

It is reported that 25,000 Lodz workmen are marching upon Warsaw.

The children in the schools have "struck," and both girls and boys have organised a plan of campaign, and hold meetings in favour of the reform movement.

CALM IN THE CAPITAL.

Original Strikers Return to Their Work at the Puttloff Factory.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday Night.—I have had an interview with the general manager of the Puttloff Works, who received me courteously, and explained the position fully.

He said that if I had called yesterday instead of to-day he would even then have been unable to say whether the strike was really over, but emphatically assured me that the whole thing had finished, and that all the men had not yet returned to his works.

He ridiculed the idea that money had been sent to the strikers, either from England or Japan.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Last evening the police surprised a meeting of workmen on strike which was being held in a tavern. The police fired into the strikers, killing a girl and wounding four others.—Reuter.

MAXIME GORKY IN NO DANGER

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The report which was put into circulation by the "Vorwaerts," the Berlin Socialist paper, that M. Maxime Gorky might be hanged for high treason, is devoid of the slightest foundation. Even M. Gorky's friends declare the story absurd. It is anticipated that he will be released in the course of a few weeks.

100,000 FRESH STRIKERS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Another strike has occurred at the Ekaterinoslav mine, the property of M. Hughes, and is spreading to Donetsk. One hundred thousand men are involved.—Exchange.

BOMBS IN PARIS.

Five Persons Injured and Sixty Arrests Made.

Sixty arrests have been made in Paris in connection with the bomb outrage at the Avenue de la République on Monday night.

Five persons were injured by the explosion, including two Republican Guards, who were on duty in connection with a meeting held to protest against recent events in Russia.

The other three injured persons—two men and a woman—are under arrest. It is believed that they are the authors of the outrage.

Among the persons arrested seven are held at the disposal of the examining magistrate. Fifteen Russians are among those arrested.

The bomb found outside the residence of Prince Trubetzkoi was well made, and would have done considerable damage had it exploded.

It is believed that the person who carried the bomb was jostled and let it fall to the ground.

The police think that two of the men arrested at the time, who are somewhat severely injured, were with the author of the outrage, if they were not themselves the authors. These two men, one of whom had his face covered with blood, while the other had a leg broken, were taken with seven others to the police-station.

One of the men under arrest, an Italian named Jean Francois, is known to have been an accomplice of Emile Henri, Ravachol, and other well-known revolutionists.

SHOULD WE INTERFERE?

In Reply to "Daily Mirror" Mr. George Meredith Justifies His Appeal.

An appeal for funds on behalf of the strikers in Russia, signed by Mr. George Meredith and other gentlemen, having been issued to the Press, the *Daily Mirror* yesterday dispatched the following telegram to the distinguished novelist:—

With reference continued Russian libels, stating that whole of money for revolution has come from England—do you think it is wise to continue issue of letter inviting subscriptions for the strikers?—*Daily Mirror*.

The reply was as follows:—

Pay no heed to libels, our motives being good.—MEREDITH.

WHERE IS FATHER GAPON?

The following message from St. Petersburg appears in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald":—"Father Gapon, the revolutionary priest, it is asserted, has reached Switzerland.

"Simultaneously it has been discovered that a considerable sum of money is missing from one of the workmen's funds."

SHA-HO FIGHTING.

Report That Another Great Battle Is Now in Progress.

Yesterday's messages from Tokio affirm that the recent battle has materially weakened the Russian position.

From St. Petersburg come many reports, which are of a strangely contradictory nature.

They agree, however, in so far as they admit that the assault on Sandip failed, and that the Russian losses were exceedingly heavy.

Our Tokio correspondent says that in the four days' fighting the Russian losses were 20,000.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" maintains that a great battle is still going on, as the result of a Japanese attack on the Russian centre.

Admiral Skrydloff is reported to have expressed himself in favour of an early termination of the war.

"BLUEBEARD'S" TWENTY WIVES.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The chief of police at Chicago believes that a man named Hock, who is under arrest here, has gone through the form of marriage with a score of women, and has murdered at least twelve of them.

It is also alleged that he formerly worked for the notorious bluebeard Holmes, who some years ago murdered a number of persons in Chicago in order to collect their insurance money.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally south-westerly to north-westerly winds; cloudy, and rather cold; occasional rain or sleet locally.

Lighting-up time, 5.45 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to rather rough generally.

"DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

Results of Canvass in London
Constituencies.

LIBERAL REVIVAL.

Position Will Probably Approximate to that
of the Elections of 1892.

We give to-day the results of the *Daily Mirror* general election canvass in the metropolitan.

The returns previously published dealt with Devon, Cornwall, Wilts, Gloucester, Dorset, Somerset, and Yorks.

The metropolitan forecasts indicate an approximate return to the political position of 1892, when London returned 36 Conservatives and 25 Liberals.

Our canvassers give the Conservatives at the next election 42 seats and the Liberals 19—a net gain of 11.

It will be seen from the detailed reports that the Chinese labour question, alien immigration, the lack of employment, and the rising price of commodities are arousing the keenest interest in the working-class constituencies.

A comparative table, showing the political representation of the seats in 1900 and as forecasted at the next election, is appended:—

	1900 Coming.	Election. Election.
Conservatives and Unionists	53	42
Liberals	8	19
Net Liberal gain: 11 seats.		

"Crossed the Floor."

The above figures do not include London University, which must be reckoned as a Liberal seat, Sir Michael Foster having "crossed the floor" since his election as a Unionist.

The previous elections resulted as follow:—

	1886	1892	1895
Conservatives	50	36	53
Liberals	11	25	8

The seats which, according to the *Daily Mirror* canvassers, will change their political complexion at the next election are as follow:—

LIBERAL GAINS (12)	CONSERVATIVE GAIN (1)
*Deptford.	Tower Hamlets
Finsbury, E.	(Whitechapel).
Hackney, C.	
Kensington, N.	
Lambeth (Kennington).	
Newington (Waltham).	
St. Pancras, N.	
St. Pancras, E.	
Shoreditch (Hoxton).	
West Ham, N.	
West Ham, S.	
Westminster.	

*The gain of this seat by the Labour Party is classified as a Liberal gain.

The predicted results in detail are as follow:—

Battersea—Mr. John Burns (L.). No change. Personal magnetism will be a considerable element in securing Mr. Burns's return. The Chinese labour question will be one of the principal issues.

Bethnal Green (North-East)—Sir M. Bhowagere (C.). No change. The election will be determined mainly on the alien question.

Bethnal Green (South-West)—Mr. S. Forde Ridley (C.). No change. The alien question will be the principal bone of contention.

Camberwell (North)—Dr. Macnamara (L.). No change. Tariff reform will be the main Party battle-ground.

Camberwell (Dulwich)—Dr. Rutherford Harris (C.). No change. Education and tariff reform will be the leading questions.

Camberwell (Peckham)—Sir Frederick Banbury (C.). No change. The fiscal question is causing some searchings of heart amongst the local Unionists, but a rupture is not anticipated.

Chelsea—Mr. C. A. Whitmore (C.). No change. Fiscal reform will be the dominating question. Mr. E. J. Horniman, the Liberal candidate, is relying on the support of the Unionist free fooders, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord James of Hereford, both residing in the constituency.

City (2)—Mr. Alban Gibbs (C.) and Sir J. Dimsdale (C.). No change. Mr. Felix Otto Schuster, who represents the banking interests, which are practically solid for free trade, will go to the poll.

(Continued on page 10.)

HEROES' SACRIFICE.

Two Workmen Attempting To Save a
Comrade Lose Their Lives.

Craning forward over the mouth of a well at Long Buckley, Northamptonshire, yesterday, was gathered a knot of men with worn, anxious faces.

A terrible affair had occurred at the new water-works. Three men employed in sinking the well, which was 243ft. deep, had been overcome by foul air and suffocated. Two of them had sacrificed their lives in attempting to save a comrade.

Though pumping had gone on all through Monday night, it was not till yesterday afternoon that a descent—even then at great risk—could be made to recover the bodies of the victims.

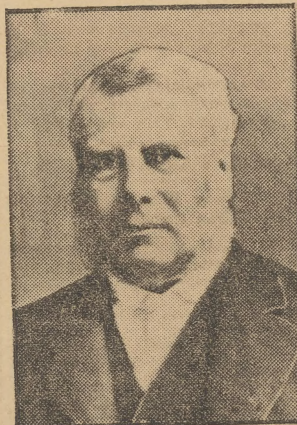
Amidst deep suspense a police-constable, named Johnson, and Harry Blundell, a workman, were lowered into the well. Shortly afterwards they signalled for the cage to be drawn up, and returned to the surface with their ghastly burden—the bodies of the victims.

These were Thomas Smith, well-sinker, of Kettering; Walter Bailey, bricklayer, of Northampton; and Stephen Atterbury, labourer, of Northampton. All were married men with children.

Smith descended the well in a cage, and as he did not give the usual signal that everything was all right, Bailey and Atterbury went to his rescue, and were all overcome.

There were heartrending scenes when the bodies of the men were borne to their homes. Already a subscription list has been opened for the bereaved families.

LORD MACNAGHTEN.



Lord of Appeal, who is retiring.—
(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

"DEPRESSED LOAFERS."

City Men on Mr. Jones's Description of the
Royal Exchange.

City men are actively discussing Mr. H. A. Jones's declaration that the Royal Exchange serves no useful purpose, and that it is merely populated by "depressed loafers."

Investigation by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday revealed the fact that the "depressed loafers" are mainly country cousins attracted by the splendour of the masonry and the fine frescoes of the handsome building.

The real users of the building are those interested in the Mercers' and other companies, including the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, whose business involves a great deal of bustle every day.

DISTRIBUTING £535,615.

Viscount Ridley left estate of the gross value of £535,615, of which the net personality has been sworn at £281,974. The sole executor, his will, dated July 25, 1899, is his son, the Right Hon. Matthew White, second Viscount Ridley.

The testator directs his trustee to make gifts to servants as he shall think fit, and directs him to sell for a nominal figure a piece of land for the erection of a chapel, church, minister's house, mechanics' institute, or any similar work for public or charitable uses.

BEEF TYRANT OVERTHROWN.

That commercial tyrant, the American Beef Trust, has at last been laid low.

The Supreme Court of the United States has found it guilty of conspiracy to fix the price of meat, of securing illegal terms from railways, and of stifling competition. Thus, the policy of keeping meat at famine prices in New York is ended.

The Court's decision will, however, not affect the English market.

PARCEL WORTH MILLIONS.

World's Record Diamond to Travel
by Post.

G.P.O. TO PAY £5 IF LOST.

To-day the mammoth Premier diamond is on view in Johannesburg. Thousands of people will doubtless jump at the chance of inspecting a stone so valuable that it cannot be valued.

Next Wednesday, February 8, the diamond will be shipped on board the Union Castle liner Briton at Cape Town for conveyance to Southampton, where the steamer is due early Saturday morning, February 25.

Although this wonderful stone is insured by the underwriters for £500,000, it will be posted in the ordinary way as a registered packet, on which a fee of 2d. per ounce will be paid, in addition to the postage at 2d. per ounce, according to weight.

Small Postal Risk.

If the diamond were lost or stolen during the voyage the Premier Mining Company could only recover £5 from the Post Office. But from the underwriters they would draw £500,000.

For safe conveyance during its 8,000 miles' journey by sea and land the Premier diamond will be carefully wrapped in cotton-wool, and packed in a strong tin box.

No extra precautions will be taken on the steamer, and the diamond will be placed in the "bullion-room" of the Briton along with the other registered packets. The famous Excelsior diamond, valued at £250,000, was sent to Wernher, Beit, and Company from South Africa in the same way. All important stones are insured and sent home by registered post.

The pursers of these South African liners frequently have millions of pounds in gold and jewels locked up in the ship's bullion-room.

So far, the news regarding the finding of the Premier diamond has been of the barest possible description, and fuller details will not reach England until the Kinfauns Castle, which leaves Cape Town to-day, arrives with the South African mails on February 18.

GIPSY PROBLEM.

Special Act of Parliament Wanted to Rid
the Country of the Macedonians.

It would seem that nothing short of a special Act of Parliament will succeed in ridding this country of the Macedonian gypsies.

Having been escorted out of London for about the twelfth time, the gypsies are now dumped on Ridge Hill, leaving the district councils of Ridge and South Mims to solve the problem of the gowrsh of the hill. The hill is on the boundary, and neither council is anxious to own it.

The Local Government Board says the local authorities are empowered to deal with these gypsy pests. The Home Office, Board of Trade, and Foreign Office deny responsibility.

The City Police and the Metropolitan Police have orders not to allow them in their respective districts.

MUSIC AND MALICE.

Great Artists Refuse to Perform in Germany
on Account of Unfair Treatment.

Six of the greatest musical artists of the twentieth century decline to accept engagements in Berlin on any terms. Mr. Hugo Gortitz, the well-known entrepreneur, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday how this has come to pass.

When Paderewski played at the Philharmonic Hall in Berlin opponents of the great pianist tampered with members of the orchestra. The horn deliberately played out of tune, and when an encore was given the conductor spent most of the time in sneezing. So Paderewski has refused to visit the German capital again, declining an offer of £1,500 for two concerts.

Mme. Melba, Caruso, and Kubelick have all received such unfair treatment from musical critics in Berlin that nothing will induce them to visit the city. Since Paderewski was insulted the two De Reszkes have also declined all offers.

SUNSPOT AND MAGNETIC STORM.

One of the largest spots ever seen has made its appearance on the sun, and in consequence there is a possibility of a magnetic storm taking place on Friday, which will cause general disarrangement of all telegraphs and telephones.

The sunspot is so large it can be seen by merely shading the eye with a piece of coloured glass.

Miss May Yobe has applied in New York for a divorce from her husband, Mr. Bradley Strong, with whom she eloped to Japan when she was the wife of Lord Francis Hope.

PEERESS'S BOOKSHOP.

The King May Pay a Visit to Lady
Wimborne's Store.

Lady Wimborne's bookshop in Dover-street, W., "The Church of England Bookstore," is to be opened with more éclat than has ever attended the inauguration of any other business enterprise.

Lady Wimborne, who, as daughter of a Duke, aunt of a Duke, and wife of one of our richest peers, can practically command society, has issued invitations broadcast for a reception on the afternoon of February 15.

The date is well-timed, the day after the opening of Parliament. Everyone will be in town, and it is even whispered that his Majesty the King may honour Lady Wimborne with a short visit.

Even should this not be, there will be a tremendous gathering of social, literary, and artistic people, as well as leading pillars of the Church. All Lady Wimborne's numerous relatives take the deepest interest in her scheme, and among those who are likely to be present are the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Sarah Wilson, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Howe, Lady Ridley, Lady De Ramsey, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and Lady Blandford.

HAVOC OF INFLUENZA.

Aided by Two Powerful Allies It Claims
Many Victims.

The influenza scourge has returned, this time with two powerful allies.

They are bronchitis and kidney troubles. These complications have occurred to an extraordinary extent recently.

In London, in the third week of January, there were twenty-one deaths from influenza and 205 from bronchitis, the figures for the corresponding week of last year being seventeen and 182.

For every death from influenza there are at least 2,000 attacks, and there is not a big firm without a number of absences due to this cause.

Milk and fruit diet, and bed, is the best treatment.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

Lady Jeune Listens to the Eulogy on Her
Husband in the Divorce Court.

While Lady Jeune sat listening intently in the Judges' Gallery, Mr. Justice Barnes, in the Divorce Court yesterday, speaking with grave voice and marked emotion, made his personal reference to the resignation of Sir Francis Jeune from the presidency of the division. A number of prominent K.C.s who practise solely in the division were there, and a crowd of juniors who have reason to remember Sir Francis and his kindly consideration.

Mr. Justice Barnes said that it was not until he read Sir Francis Jeune's touching letter to Mr. Barragave Deane that he realised the depth of the regret with which he anticipated his severance from the duties of the court.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

Singular Facts Gathered from a Year's Work
of the L.C.C.

Some remarkable figures appear in the statistical return of the London County Council for the year 1902-3 issued yesterday.

That cricket is still "the national game" may be inferred from the fact that 384 cricket pitches were available in the Council's parks, against 181 football pitches.

For the former 1,450 clubs applied, and for the latter 629. And 18,708 cricket matches were played, against 14,791 of football.

The Council's six sludge vessels conveyed as much sludge to Barrow Dock as would cover the whole of Hyde Park to a depth of five feet.

Another curious item reads:—
"The time lost by individuals through traffic stoppages was of the value of £7,180 per annum at the junction of the Strand with Wellington-street, and of £3,480 per annum at the junction of Holborn with Southampton-row."

SIR E. CARSON'S RESOLVE.

Sir Edward Carson denies the statement that he has accepted the office of a Lord of Appeal, in succession to Lord Macnaghten. "My earnest wish is to remain in Parliament," says Sir Edward.

* * Five shillings is all that it costs to ensure the sending of the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" for fifty-two weeks to any friend abroad, and thus providing weekly the best possible budget of latest home news.

A specimen copy of the journal sent on application to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

"DAILY MIRROR"**LYCEUM WEEK.**

Details of the Programme of Our
Fifteen Performances.

MONDAY'S FREE MATINEE.

Mr. George Alexander To Appear at the
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

Daily Mirror week at the Lyceum Theatre, in Wellington-street, Strand, begins on Monday next, when, in pursuance of our fair-priced amusement test, the first entertainment will be given at a matinee free to readers of the *Daily Mirror*.

This matinee will begin at three o'clock on Monday next. The programme will embrace fourteen high-class, wholesome, crisp variety items, beginning with a musical selection played by an orchestra of forty performers, finishing with a motor-race in mid-air on a specially constructed circle.

Seats in the stalls and the dress-circle for the free matinee on Monday afternoon may be had on application by letter, containing a stamped, addressed envelope, addressed to the *Daily Mirror* Office, 12, Whitefriars-street, E.C.

Consolation Coupons.

The applications for stalls and dress-circle tickets will be dealt with on Friday morning, and the tickets sent out on that day. Those who are unsuccessful in obtaining reserved tickets—and we expect the demand to greatly exceed the supply—will then have an opportunity to cut from Friday's *Daily Mirror* the coupon we intend printing on that day, which will admit, free of charge, to the pit stalls, the amphitheatre and gallery on the occasion of next Monday's free matinee—the only free performance during the week.

To the other fourteen performances during *Daily Mirror* week—that is, two every evening—the first beginning at 7 o'clock and the second at 9.15—and to the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, beginning at 3 o'clock—the prices to holders of the *Daily Mirror* coupons, which we shall print daily in this paper from next Saturday to the following Saturday (both days inclusive), will be as we stated yesterday:—

Private Boxes,	Stalls	1s. 6d.
1s. 12s. 6d.	Gallery	6s. 3d.
2s. 6d.		
Dress-circle		1s. 6d.

Mr. Alexander's £10 a Minute.

At the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday Mr. George Alexander, of the St. James's Theatre, will be one of the attractions. He will occupy the stage for five minutes at each of these two performances, and will receive £100 for his services—at the rate of £10 per minute—a sum which he generously intends to hand over to the funds of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in the City-road.

At all the performances, morning and evening, during the *Daily Mirror* week the programme will be contributed by the Lyceum Operatic Company; the Pickard troupe of pantomimists; the Akimotos, the famous Japanese jugglers; the Harmony Four, in an original comedy; E. F. Raymond, America's greatest ventriloquist; T. E. Finglas, an imitable band of negro ditties; Walton and Miss Ella, with their marvellous dogs; Al Lawrence, the famous comedian; Browning and Wally, acrobats; Norman French, notable as a dancer; and the eccentric Cattaneos; while there will also be shown an excellent series of animated pictures, and the motor sensation called looping the aerial circle.

Our object is to prove that the present-day entertainments are too dear, too long and produced at the wrong hours, and that the bright two hours' entertainment at fair prices is a commercial possibility. How far we are right in our contention will be made evident by next week's experiment, and as at the finish we shall publish a full statement of accounts—handing over any profits that may accrue to a charity—the experiment, which begins on Monday next, ought not to be without interest to our readers.

Contractors to H.M. Government.

The Children's Breakfast.

CREAMY PLASMON OATS

Require no milk. Cooked in 4 minutes.

PLASMON OATS make twice as much porridge as any other oats of BREAKFAST FOOD.

MR. LAWSON'S FATE.

Five Judges Decide That He Will Have
to Undergo Imprisonment.

Mr. Harry J. Lawson's appeal against the sentence of twelve months' hard labour passed upon him recently at the Old Bailey was dismissed by a Court of five Judges yesterday. Mr. Lawson, therefore, will surrender to his bail, and undergo the punishment meted out to him. The charge of which he was found guilty, it will be remembered, was the fraudulent publication of wrongful statements with regard to the position of the Electric Tramways Construction Company, Ltd., which he had promoted.

Mr. E. T. Hooley was placed in the dock with Lawson on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, but was found Not Guilty by the jury.

Amongst yesterday's interested spectators was Mr. A. J. Paine, the publican whom Mr. Lawson is alleged to have defrauded. In deciding the point raised in Lawson's appeal, the Lord Chief Justice found that the de facto manager of the company was amenable to the statute in the same way that a manager appointed by the directors would have been.

The four other Judges concurred.

MR. H. J. LAWSON,

Who was tried with Mr. Hooley, at the Old Bailey, on charges arising out of company affairs, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. He was unsuccessful in his appeal against the conviction yesterday.

GIRL'S EXCESSIVE JOY.

Singular Explanation for Suicide on the
Eve of Marriage.

There are two theories put forward to explain the suicide of Emily King, aged twenty-five, who was to have been married at Isleworth in a fortnight's time.

She was in service as a cook at Northpreps House, Spring-grove, Isleworth, and only Friday became engaged to an Army sergeant stationed at Hounslow. Since then she had been in a very excited state, and her mistress believes that she took her life while insane through excess of joy.

The other explanation is based on her repeated statements since visiting a waxwork show with her lover last Wednesday. She said she could not get the remembrance of the men and women with their throats cut out of her mind.

Her master, rushed in the early hours of yesterday morning by the fierce barking of the dog, discovered a pool of blood in the kitchen, and, guided by the animal through the front door, found, lying at the extreme end of the garden, the cook in her nightdress with a terrible wound in her throat.

LONDON COURT WHERE ROSES BLOOM

Although in the summer roses and other flowers cover the fine cottages in Watford-cour, Newington-causeway, the Southwark Borough Council want to pull the cottages down as being "unfit for human habitation."

A photograph of the "court" led the Southwark Police Court magistrate yesterday to remark that it looked like a bit of the Riviera.

The hearing was adjourned.

"HIS WORSHIP'S" PLACE.

"This is the first time I've been in a place of worship," pleaded a youth charged at the West Ham Police Court, yesterday, with stealing rope.

"Don't you come to this place of worship, as you call it, again," said the magistrate in discharging him.

RAILWAY TROUBLES.

More About the Deadly Competition
of Electric Cars.

VANISHING DIVIDENDS.

South-Eastern	2,100,000
Great Eastern	1,540,504
City and South London	"Great falling off."

These figures represent the decrease in passengers carried during the past six months by the railways named.

They are eloquent of the fact that at last the long-suffering railway traveller has turned against the companies, which have lingered too long with reforms many times demanded, and is travelling by other means and ways.

A falling off in receipts is also recorded.

South-Eastern	£20,000
Great Eastern	£2,073
City and South London	£851

Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor, chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, Lord Claud Hamilton, chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, and Mr. Charles Grey, chairman of the City and South London Railway, have addressed their shareholders on these results. Their three statements are very similar.

Three Causes of Decadence.

The reasons given for the slump by the Great Eastern and South-Eastern were exactly the same:

1. Trade depression.
2. Foggy weather.
3. Competition of electric tramways.

In the case of the City and South London, the reasons were competition and depression in the local building trades.

Obviously, the directors of these companies must justify their existence by proposals at least for methods of meeting the slump.

What did they say?

Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, for the South-Eastern, said:

The directors can never hope to compete with the electric tramway-cars, aided as they are by the rates, and the only thing to do is to take off a certain number of trains and to close some of the stations principally affected. To decrease expenses appears to be the only hope.

Lord Claud Hamilton, for the Great Eastern, said:—

Expenses must be cut down, and the company intends to accelerate the outside services to all the leading resorts on the East Coast.

This while the loss of suburban passengers in six months on this line has been 631,220.

At yesterday's meeting of the London County Council, Mr. Allen Baker, chairman of the Highways Committee, denied Mr. Cosmo Bonsor's statement that the tramway competition of the London County Council was rate aided. As a matter of fact, £239,592 had been transferred from the tramways in the reduction of rates.

SUICIDE'S LONG SWIM.

City Merchant Dives Into the Thames and
Keeps Afloat for Twenty Minutes.

An extraordinary story of suicide and attempted rescue was told at the inquiry yesterday into the death of Mr. Harold Kent, aged forty-eight, a City merchant.

Mr. Kent was seen to deliberately throw himself into the Thames at Kingston last Friday night. Though it was a bitterly cold night, he swam about for over twenty minutes.

Mr. James Edgecumbe said he saw Mr. Kent well out in the river swimming regularly and breathing heavily.

Mr. Edgecumbe scrambled on to some barges, and as Mr. Kent passed him he stopped for a moment and then went on again.

It was a horrible thing, said the witness, to see a man drown and not be able to save him.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

DE WET OF BURGLARS.

Owing to his ingenuity in eluding the police, John Adamson is known to the Blackburn force as "The De Wet of burglars."

Adamson, who has been terrorising the town for over a week by his many house-breaking expeditions, was captured on Monday night as he was climbing the gates of the parish church. Yesterday he was remanded.

Fifty pounds damages were awarded Dr. Peet, a Farnborough practitioner, yesterday, in his libel action against A. Lithgow.

BATTLE OF THE NURSES.

Judges Severe Comment on Contradictory
Lady Witnesses.

Miss Ada Morrell, the Putney nurse, who is alleged to have said and written such unkind things about a fellow nurse, Miss M. Cowan, had her turn to have her say yesterday in Mr. Justice Jell's Court, where a libel and slander action between the ladies is being tried.

She was asked about the letters which she wrote to Mrs. Groom, who sent to her a letter of inquiry about Miss Cowan's home, purporting to come from a "Mrs. Richardson."

"I was guarded in my reply," said Miss Morrell, who in writing back remarked "one has to be careful about what one says in letters."

The very strong statements attributed to her Miss Morrell now denies. She had never accused Miss Cowan of drunkenness or of receiving improper people at her house, she asserted.

During the case reference had been several times made to a dispute, which led to a law-suit, between Miss Cowan and another lady about a sum of £100. The other lady went into the witness-box and contradicted point blank what Miss Cowan had told the Court about this transaction.

"One of these women is deceiving the Court with wilful, wicked lies," was the Judge's comment.

A nurse once employed by Miss Cowan described a remarkable scene which, she said, took place on the doorstep of Miss Cowan's nursing home. The nurse went to the home in the evening to endeavour to get some money which she declared was due to her. But Miss Cowan, she complained, instead of giving her the money, pushed her through the front door and said, "You beast!"

The case was adjourned.

RETURNED TO LIFE.

Somerset Woman Revives After an Undertaker
Was Summoned.

Another case of a woman suddenly reviving after she was supposed to be dead has occurred at Keynsham, in Somerset.

Mrs. Turner, an elderly woman, had been ailing for some time, and on Monday her husband noticed that she had become cold and rigid, and he could find no sign of breathing.

Concluding she was dead, he called in neighbours, who tried to lay the body out, but the woman's limbs were so stiff that they found it impossible.

An undertaker was sent for, but on arriving the husband met him on the doorstep with a scared look on his face, and said: "She's come to life, sure enough."

The undertaker found the old lady sitting up, and she is being carefully tended.

PASSENGER TRAIN IN COLLISION.

As a passenger train from Scarborough was entering Hull station last night it collided with a light engine, throwing it off the line.

Several passengers were slightly injured, others received a severe shock, and the service was dislocated for a time.

TOWN CLERK'S CONFESSION.

The Highborn Borough Council decided yesterday to support the prosecution of their town clerk, Mr. Jones, who has been charged on his own confession with misappropriating £10,000.

Other charges will be preferred against Mr. Jones in the interests of the borough and of public morality.

HEN-PECKED BEADLE

The Lord Mayor's ward-beadle, Mr. Turner, accused his wife at the Guildhall yesterday with having hit him on the nose with a teapot, and with so frightening him with a piece of red-hot iron from the fire that he had to leave the house.

Mrs. Turner, on the other hand, said she had had twenty-three blows on her face from her husband. The case was adjourned in order that the parties might think the matter over.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the fever, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1½ per bottle.

SMOKING A SIN.

Dr. Torrey Pities the Christian
Who Cannot Give Up Tobacco.

EVAN ROBERTS ATTACKED

It is common knowledge that Dr. Torrey denounces drinking, however moderately, and dancing, however innocently; but that he takes up a position equally hostile to smoking is not generally known. Yet this is the fact.

"Smoking," he says, "is a blemish in a Christian character—a taint, a luxury, almost, if not necessarily, a sin." He feels pity for the Christian man who cannot give up tobacco.

Dr. Torrey is not the man to apologise for his opinions, as Londoners will soon learn. Though people invariably commend him for his candour, many of his best friends take exception to his extreme views.

One of his right-hand men in London dearly loves a cigar, and yesterday quoted to the *Daily Mirror* Calverley's well-known lines in praise of tobacco:—

Sweet when the morn is grey,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch, but at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

This gentleman also mentioned that as a Christian smoker he had often found himself in good company. The late Mr. Spurgeon smoked. Still he believed in Dr. Torrey so sincerely that he admitted the evangelist was no less lovable from being an anti-smoker.

Mr. F. C. Gould, the famous cartoonist, takes a strong view on this matter of blackguarding tobacco. "If," he says, "I were told that I must either give up smoking or give up Christianity, I should give up Christianity." Then after a pause he added: "Because the Christianity that called smoking a sin would not be Christianity at all."

EVAN ROBERTS ATTACKED.

Congregational Minister Calls Him a Sham
Revivalist.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, is having his share of persecution. The Rev. Peter Price, B.A., Congregational minister at Dowlais, writing in the "Western Mail," says there are two "so-called revivals" in Wales.

There is, he argues, an almighty revival which is of God; and there is another, "a sham revival, a mockery, a blasphemous travesty of the real thing."

"The chief figure in this mock revival is Evan Roberts, whose language is inconsistent with the character of anyone except that of a person endowed with the attributes of a Divine Being. 'My honest conviction is this,' continues the Rev. Mr. Price, 'that the best thing that could happen to the cause of the true religious revival amongst us would be for Evan Roberts and his girl-companions to withdraw into their respective homes and there to examine themselves and learn a little more of the meaning of Christianity, if they have the capacity for this, instead of going about the country pretending to show the way of life to people, many of whom know a thousand times more about it than they do.'"

Meantime Evan Roberts is preaching night and day at Merthyr.

UP-HELLY-A!

Curious Ancient Carnival Still Survives in
the Shetlands.

Up-Helly-A! one of the few ancient British customs which survives, is still kept as a carnival by the Guizers of the Shetland Isles at the end of January, at Lerwick.

Thirty squads of between six to twenty persons each are formed, and every squad has a distinguished fancy dress.

A fine model of a Norse galley is built, gilded, and decked with glittering shields and Norse raven banners. Sometimes there are two or three small galleys.

Early on Up-Helly-day an immense poster, attested by the sign manual of the Worthy Chief Guizer, is placed at the Market Cross, declaring the route of the procession.

In the afternoon the children parade the streets, drawing pretty little models of galleys, and dancing round little bonfires, in which the galleys are burnt.

In the evening there is a torchlight procession of Guizers. The great galley, with a crew of quaintly-attired musicians, is drawn through the town and afterwards burnt in the Market Close.

Then bands of Guizers, still in fancy dress, make house-to-house visits in the town, and eat, drink, and dance far into the night with their entertainers.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Mr. Salvesen, Solicitor-General for Scotland, is to be the Unionist candidate for Buteshire.

Canon Cresswell Strange, Canon of Worcester since 1902, died suddenly at Worcester yesterday.

The Wisbech Guardians have granted out-door relief to a Marshland man one hundred years of age.

On the Porthead branch of the Great Western Railway, near Portbury, an old railway carriage is now used as a chapel.

"For goodness sake, learn to shoot," was General Sir Leslie Rundle's parting advice to the Leeds Rifle Volunteers.

An otter, weighing 18lb., has been shot on the banks of the River Ouse at Barcombe Mills. Remains of fish, chiefly carp, led to its discovery.

Sentenced at Oldham for theft, a man asked that his wife might be allowed to pawn the clothes he was wearing so as to pay the rent. His prayer was granted.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the library-giving millionaire, has only just bought his first motor-car. His reason for the purchase was that the secretary of the company was a Scotsman like himself.

Umbrella and walking-stick in one—this is the latest novelty. The cover and ribs, when not required, neatly fill inside the stick, which closes tightly up. It cannot be sold under a guinea, however.

A young bridal couple coming out of Ewhurst Green Church found large milk-cans arranged on either side of the pathway, while at the gate was a triumphal arch of dairy utensils. The bridegroom is engaged in the dairy business.

A bird slightly larger than a rook, with black head, breast, wings, and tail, and with a back of dove, or light slate, colour, has been shot within a mile of Bodmin. "Is this a rare bird to be found in Cornwall?" asks a correspondent.

Monday, February 13, will see the production of the long-promised military spectacle, "Port Arthur," at the Coliseum. There will be one battleship, three gunboats, and a number of torpedo-boats in the attack on the forts, and siege-guns 16ft. long will be brought into action.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE,



Daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, who is rumoured to have defied her father and to be about to marry Prince Victor Napoleon, Pretender to the throne of France.—(Russell.)

Shopkeepers of the Haymarket yesterday petitioned the London County Council not to alter the name of that thoroughfare.

As the result of the recent frost, damage to the extent of £28,000 has been done to vegetable and flower crops in the neighbourhood of Nice.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has disposed of his palatial town residence in Grosvenor-place and is moving into Belgrave-square. In his new house, on the eve of the session, he hopes to entertain his colleagues in the last Liberal Government.

Two victims of the Cudworth disaster, who were in their sleeping garments when the accident occurred, complain that they afterwards had difficulty in getting telegrams dispatched to their friends, and even a cup of tea was denied them at Sheffield because they had no money.

Under the heading "Cum Grano," the "World" thus comments on the proposition to reclaim the "gold in solution" in the sea at a cost of under £10 for every £100 extracted:—

In seeking bullion in the sea,
As syndicates design,
'Tis clear that there at least will be
No need to "Salt the Mine."

Mr. W. A. Baxland, the retiring solicitor to the L.C.C., was yesterday granted a pension of £705 a year.

Lancashire's cotton trade is reviving, and for the first time for several years the weaving strength of the county is tested to its utmost capacity.

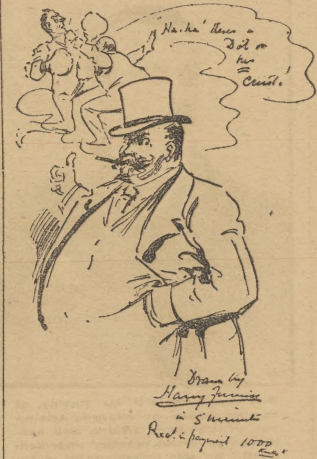
Opposition to the proposed tramways over Blackfriars Bridge and along the Thames Embankment will be brought forward at to-morrow's meeting of the City Corporation.

Luncheons at a reasonable figure and a rest before resuming work are provided for girl clerks in the City and West Central districts by a club opened in Red Lion-square, London, yesterday.

At West Stanley a cartman, his wife, and grown-up son and daughter use an old railway carriage as a kitchen and a caravan as a bedroom. Horses, poultry, pigs, etc., are also kept by this eccentric family.

Investigation is being made by the Home Office relative to the treatment of a Market Harborough cyclist at Leicester. Because he only had 8s. 6d. with which to pay 12s., the costs of a summons for riding a bicycle without a light, he was handcuffed to a man convicted of embezzlement. At the gaol he was made to have a cold bath.

MR. HARRY FURNISS, BY HIMSELF.



After winning a case at the Marylebone County Court, in which he claimed fifty guineas for a fiscal cartoon drawn for Birmingham. Mr. Harry Furniss expressed his feelings at the result in this caricature of himself, which he sketched for the "Daily Mirror."

Besides his peerage Sir Francis Jeune on his retirement will receive a pension of £3,500 a year.

H.M.S. Good Hope is said to be so badly infested with cockroaches as to make life on board the vessel almost unbearable.

"Look after the cats and dogs whilst I am away," called out a Walthamstow woman to her husband when sent to prison yesterday.

The salesmen of the Central London Meat Markets desire to dissociate themselves from the proposal made to hang the Tsar in effigy.

Mr. John Morley was equal to the occasion when a "heckler" asked him at one of his meetings why he did not play golf. "Golf!" he exclaimed, "oh, I don't think I'm old enough to begin that yet."

On the ground that betting men contribute to the library rate as well as other ratepayers, the Lambeth Borough Council has declined to black out the racing news in the papers in the free libraries.

The wife of a Cockerham joiner drowned her three-months-old child in a bucket, and then placed the body in bed. Later she was rescued from the river, into which she jumped with her two-year-old son.

Latham Chapter House of the new Liverpool Cathedral will probably be finished about the middle of 1906, and the Lady Chapel will take about five years to erect. The main fabric will take many years to complete.

Because the organist had received notice that his services were to be dispensed with, the choir of St. Paul's Church, Accrington, refused to attend service, the belligerent declined to carry out his duties, and several church officers resigned.

For £300 a Strad violin, bearing a label dated 1714, was sold, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms in London yesterday. To-day, another Strad violin, which fetched £1,200 in 1886, will be sold by Messrs. Glendinning.

OUR ILLUSTRATION

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

WAR PICTURES FROM MANCHURIA.

It is a matter of such extreme difficulty to get photographs from the scene of war in the Far East that the excellent pictures we are able to reproduce on pages 8 and 9 will have a much more than ordinary interest.

The photographer is not encouraged by the Russian authorities, and even if he manages to get a record now and again—which is not to be done without considerable risk—it is no easy matter to smuggle it under the eyes of innumerable official and self-appointed Russian military censors to a place from whence it can be forwarded to England.

Difficulty and risk, of course, are redoubled when it comes to snapshotting General Kuropatkin himself, but safely hidden in a hut the enterprising camera-wielder managed to secure the picture which appears in our pages to-day through a small hole in the wall.

FOR HEROISM!

The announcement that the King has decided to confer on Mr. A. V. Hardwick, whose portrait is on page 9, the Albert Medal of the First Class in recognition of an act of exceptional bravery, will give general satisfaction.

Mr. Hardwick, it will be remembered, was the young man who saved the life of a lady at Finsbury Park Station not long ago. She had fallen on to the metals right in front of an approaching train, and must have been killed if Mr. Hardwick had not leapt down and managed to drag her into the small space between the railway lines and the platform in the nick of time.

ROYAL ROMANCE.

A curious and romantic story of love, policy, and parental displeasure comes from Brussels concerning Prince Victor Napoleon, whose portrait appears on page 9, and Princess Clementine, youngest daughter of King Leopold of the Belgians.

The Princess, it is stated, some time ago formed a strong attachment for Prince Victor, and the question of a marriage between them was laid before the heads of the respective families. The ex-Empress Eugénie, from whom Prince Victor expects to inherit a large fortune, was first consulted, and gave the proposed alliance her approval; but when King Leopold was approached he definitely refused to give his sanction.

A serious quarrel arose between the royal father and daughter as a result, and the Princess, whose portrait will be found on this page—left Brussels and has been living at St. Raphael, in the South of France.

According to the latest news from Brussels she does not propose to return there, but intends to marry Prince Victor, whether her father chooses to give his consent or not.

The Prince happens to be already married—morganatically—and has a family; but that seems never to have been considered as a bar to his suggested alliance with the Princess Clementine.

FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

The labour tents in the Strand are the result of the cheque sent by King Edward to the Rev. Wilson Carter in aid of the work of the Church Army.

The scheme will enable 800 men per day to secure food and lodging. Three hours' work at wood-chopping entitles any man to a good meal and a night's accommodation at a decent lodging-house.

On page 8 there is a photograph of the notice-board in the Strand.

VILLAGE ACTORS.

A picture on page 9 shows a scene from one of the most remarkable plays ever produced. It has just been performed at Hildenborough, in Kent, and from first to last was home-made.

Two gentlemen of the neighbourhood wrote the drama, "The Luck of the Brains," successfully grappling with the difficulties arising from the fact that every one of their characters had to be of the male persuasion. The village organist composed the overture and conducted the orchestra, the schoolmaster and postmaster acted as business managers, a local artist painted the scenery, a cricket-ball maker was prompter, two plumbers undertook stage carpentry, and the church choir acted as an unseen chorus during the first act. The actors were all Hildenborough men.

A CURIOUS PIPE.

The pipe pictured on page 8 is now to be seen in the window of Messrs. Bewlay's shop in the Strand.

It has just been brought over to this country by an officer who took it from a Bassa chief in Upper Nigeria. The chief was wont to use it as a staff of office, and when it became necessary to punish him for being concerned in the ambushing of a small British force the pipe was taken away as a visible sign that he was deposed from his authority.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
 Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
 12, WHITEHARTS-STREET,
 LONDON, E.C.
 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1190 Holborn.
 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

THE OPERATION ON
PRINCESS VICTORIA.

"CIRCUMSTANCES," said the official notice published yesterday morning, caused the King's intended visit to Lord Rosebery at Mentmore to be postponed. In the afternoon came an explanation of this odd phrase. The "circumstances" were unfortunately the illness of the Princess Victoria and the operation for appendicitis, which was performed upon her Royal Highness yesterday at Buckingham Palace.

The deepest sympathy of the whole nation will go out to the King and Queen in their anxiety. His Majesty especially is to be pitied. He has to see his dear daughter undergo the same ordeal as he went through himself not three years ago. He knows what appendicitis means; his own sufferings will be recalled by those of the Princess.

Pathetic, too, is the position of Queen Alexandra, the well-beloved of her people. She has been compelled once more to go through those inexpressibly painful moments which come to us when we know that one near to us is in danger. Happily, the famous surgeon who successfully relieved the King was at hand to operate once more within the Palace walls, and the patient bore up well.

That she may speedily be restored to health will be the fervent wish and prayer of all King Edward's subjects, to whom the Princess has endeared herself by her modest nature and genuine kindness of heart.

"NO BUSINESS OF OURS."

The scandal of the Macedonian gipsies' enforced wanderings in this badly-managed land continues to make us ashamed of ourselves and a laughing-stock to our neighbours.

Ever since the early part of December these undesirable visitors, dumped upon our shores because "No admittance" boards were displayed everywhere else, have been hustled about by local authorities. Not a place on the eastern side of London but knows them well. Not a place but has had to pay for the privilege of moving them on.

What they have cost the ratepayers altogether cannot be exactly computed, but it comes to a pretty large sum. If they had been got rid of, we should not grudge the money so much. But all the expenditure has had no result at all. The gipsies go drifting on and on. There is no authority big enough to do any more than push them out of one district into another. Presently they come back, and the whole process begins over again.

In fact, the only possible way of getting them out of the country would be to push them on and on until they came to the coast, and then to push them into the sea.

We do not, however, offer this as a practical suggestion. We point it out as an illustration of the laziness and inefficiency of our very costly system of central government. The various departments of State are amply manned at enormous expense. We all help to maintain an army of officials with salaries ranging from £5,000 to £150 a year. Yet there is none of these sluggards eating our bread who can rid us of the Macedonian gipsies.

This is what the various public offices say:—

HOME OFFICE: Not within our province.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD: We cannot interfere.

BOARD OF TRADE: We have no power.

COLONIAL OFFICE: No jurisdiction.

FOREIGN OFFICE: Would consider "representations made through proper diplomatic channels."

All these answers are, no doubt, perfectly "correct." But their "correctness" is no consolation. We are faced by the fact that when once aliens have come in, however undesirable they may be, there is no way of getting them out.

Incompetence, thy name is—Westminster!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He who, having been angered, gives way to anger no more, has achieved a mighty victory.—*Upanavarga.*

THE Princess Victoria, whose operation for appendicitis came as so complete a surprise, is not so well known to the English public as the other members of the Royal Family. She has a very retiring disposition, and hates publicity. Her happiest moments have been spent at Sandringham with her dogs and horses, and amongst her books. Her room there is curiously, and not very beautifully, furnished—it is almost entirely plastered with countless photographs of the Princess's friends and relatives, which she loves to see about her, and photographs are not very decorative.

The Princess's hatred of being stared at showed itself, I remember, not very long ago at Torquay. She was walking on the sea-front, quite like a

private person, with a friend. Suddenly some tourists of a determined and American type caught sight of her. They at once made for her, and began to walk a few yards behind her in ecstatic admiration. In time the tourists attracted a considerable crowd. The poor Princess lowered her sunshade and walked along with her face hidden, looking as though she were about to attack the crowd by poking at it as though it were a bull. Finally, finding even this was no good, she hailed a fly and drove away.

The unlikely rumour that Prince Victor Napoleon has become engaged to be married to the Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, has this much of plausibility about it—that the people concerned have seen a great deal of one another in Brussels, where Prince Victor has a handsome house in the Avenue Louise.

EAST END POLICE OF THE FUTURE.



Constables in the East End of London are to be taught Yiddish and German to enable them to cope with the increasing masses of aliens. Soon we shall have to go a step further and have alien policemen.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Graham Murray.

HE has been unofficially appointed to a number of high posts lately—among others to that of High Commissioner for South Africa, in succession to Lord Milner, but he has at last set the mind of gossippers at rest by accepting the office of Lord-Justice-General of Scotland, Lord President of the Council, and a peerage. And he is very much of a Scotman. His years in Parliament have not deprived him of his national characteristics in the least. He has to-day the same cutting humour and the same quickness of reply that he had when he first entered Parliament in 1891.

Nor is his quickness confined to his speaking. He is quick at everything. They say in the House that he can get up a new subject in less time than anyone living, and he will talk of any case, which he only heard of an hour before, as well as a man who has known it all his life.

Not content with speaking most languages well he is now at work learning Roumanian.

Even in sport this quickness is part of his character. When he took up cycling he did it whole-heartedly, and was one of the first M.P.s to ride down Palace-yard on a bicycle. Then the motor-cycle appeared, and he took up that sport more keenly still.

Then he is a crack shot, is keen on curling, plays a good game of billiards, plays golf with Mr. Balfour, and even understands the internal mechanism of his numerous and varied motor-cycles.

He does so many things well that one wonders what he could do if he did not divide his energies.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

Doctor: Your wife must keep out of excitement. She can't doctor. She carries it about with her. "Journal Amusant" (French).

He: You don't believe in marrying for money, do you?

She: I don't know; how much have you got?—"Birmingham Dart."

Millionaire: How do I know, sir, that you have any business ability?

Suitor: Why, I have persuaded your daughter to marry me!—"Life" (American).

The Lawyer: H'm! What makes you think you wish to study to become a lawyer?

Well, me folks object to me bein' a burglar.—"Simplicissimus" (German).

Excited Committeeman: My! You're here at last! I thought you were going to disappoint us. Lecturer: I am. Just watch the audience while I'm talking.—"Baltimore American."

Prim Mother: My son, I am afraid you are going to make a mistake in marrying Miss Easyways. Both she and her mother are fearfully lax housekeepers.

Son: I know it, mother; that's what caught me. It's so comfortable over there, you know. I can sit down anywhere in the parlour without being told that I'm messing things up!—"Detroit Free Press."

Brussels is the city where most "kings in exile" now seek consolation, and this would-be Emperor of France manages to pass his time there pleasantly enough—interviewing ardent supporters, trifling with schemes for invading France, and going in seriously for motoring and racing.

Prince Victor does not look like a romantic lover ready for elopements. Rather bald, decidedly stout, and with long curved moustaches, he suggests a functionary, or a retired colonel of the French Army. He used to be quite poor, and lived more or less quietly on the allowance which the Empress Eugénie made him. Lately, however, he has inherited money from his famous aunt, the Princess Mathilde, and some day he will also inherit the large fortune of the Empress Eugénie.

Mr. Harry Furniss is a fortunate man, and one not to be trifled with. He can charge, as he has just shown in a county court, from 50 to 100 guineas for a cartoon, and can secure his price by force of law. Mr. Furniss has not been quite so prominently before the public since the days when he used to draw Mr. Gladstone and his collars for "Punch." But he still does a great deal of work. He draws, he lectures, and he makes jokes, for he is a born humorist. Some of the stories he tells about his lecturing experiences are very funny.

He was once lecturing on Mr. Gladstone before a North-country audience. He showed some perfectly serious pictures of the Grand Old Man, and commented upon the dignity of his rugged features. Mr. Furniss could not see the portraits as they were thrown upon the screen, for his back was turned to it, but he noticed that his remarks about Mr. Gladstone's features were received with roars of laughter. Turning round to see what could be found so funny, he discovered that a large blue-bottle fly, which had got between the lenses of the lantern, was disporting itself on the statesman's nose. It was a trying experience!

He has suffered a good deal also from self-satisfied chairmen, who insist upon introducing the lecturer in speeches of inordinate length and dullness. An excellent rebuke was once, he tells, administered to one of these bores by an irritable Scotch professor. The chairman talked and talked for an entire hour in "introducing" the lecturer. At last he ended by saying, "I now call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address." The old Scotch lecturer stood up and said, "My address is No. 322, Rob Roy-crescent, Edinburgh, and I'm just off there now. I wish you all 'good-evening.'"

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's view of Maxime Gorky's situation is characteristic of the man. He thinks that if Gorky were hanged he would only get what he deserves. He has no sympathy with unsuccessful revolutionists! Such breezy unconventionality is thoroughly in keeping with the ways of the creator of Captain Kettle, who has spent most of his life on the sea in trading vessels, or in the wilds of Africa and America. He prefers big-game shooting to London and its clubs and omnibuses and fogs. He can work under the most extraordinary conditions—in trains, in jungles, and in mid-ocean.

It is not generally known that Kettle was suggested by an amazing little skipper with whom Mr. Hyne went on one of his sea wanderings. This skipper always refused to admit himself in the wrong. One morning Mr. Hyne awoke at a ludicrously terrible smell on deck. He saw the whole crew advancing towards the skipper, and heard them complain that the meat for their dinner was rotten. "Do you expect me to get fresh meat for you?" roared the little man. "There's no satisfying some people. If I gave you the liver-wing of a baked angel, you'd find fault with the con-founded stuffing!" Then he made a rush for the crew. They retreated in complete confusion.

Mr. George Meredith takes the opposite view to Mr. Hyne. Everything the great novelist says is listened to eagerly now, for he is one of the few survivors of that famous group of men who made the later Victorian literature. The story of his attempt to live with Rossetti, in the pre-Raphaelite solitude of Chelsea, is a comic one. He arrived at the Cheyne Walk house at midday. Rossetti was not up. "On the breakfast-table rested five slabs of bacon, upon which five eggs had slowly slid to death," then Rossetti, poet and painter of beautiful women, appeared in a dressing-gown, and "devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." Mr. Meredith fled from the house, and gave up the idea of living in it for ever.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

FEBRUARY 1.—February is, or should be, one of the most interesting months to the gardener.

How entralling it is to watch plant life gradually awaking. The earliest daffodils already peep from the soil. Buds can be seen on several of them. From the white shoots of the crocuses green leaves have risen. Several primroses, polyanthus, and coloured cowslips are flowering.

Towards the end of the month, if the weather is not too cold, few plants will fail to show some shoot of green.

A few days ago birds began to invade my nesting-boxes. They are never silent now. E. F. T.



PICTORIAL NEWS

LARGEST TROOPSHIP AFLOAT.



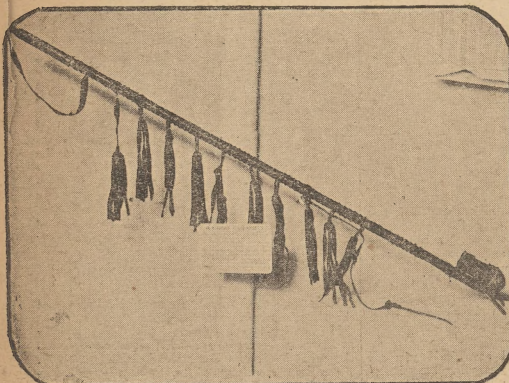
H.M. troopship Dufferin, which has just left the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Barrow-in-Furness, for Bombay. She is one of the smartest and fastest boats built, and is the largest troopship afloat.

TRIBUTES TO THE LATE MR. BROUGH.



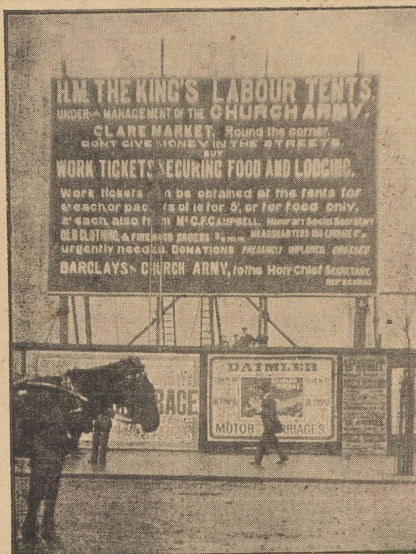
Floral tributes placed on the grave of the late Mr. Robert Brough, A.R.S.A., at Old Machor Cathedral, Aberdeen. Mr. Brough died from injuries sustained in the railway accident near Cudworth.

KING OF THE BASSAS'S PIPE.



This curious pipe, which belonged to the King of the trans-Binue Bassas, is now being exhibited in a Strand tobacconist's window. The Bassas nation nine months ago ambushed Captain O'Riordan's party and routed the British police force. (Daily Mirror copyright.)

"KING'S LABOUR TENTS."



The huge notice-board which has just been erected in the Strand in connection with the Church Army's novel scheme, which will enable 800 men a day to secure food and lodging. (Daily Mirror copyright.)

REVIVAL IN THE EAST END.



Mr. Herbert Booth, General Booth's son, who is conducting a revival mission at the Edinburgh Castle, Stepney. He will take a prominent part in the coming Torrey-Alexander mission at the Albert Hall.

KUROPATKI



General Kuropatkin (indicated by a cross) with the Army Corps, paying a visit to the front.

TROOPS CAMPING



A group of soldiers round a log-fire in the camp at St. Petersburg.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION



A Russian priest conducting a religious service at the front. The officers are also present.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

A · DAY'S · HAPPENINGS ·

THE SHA-HO.



by some members of his staff of the 4th
tlying camp on the Sha-ho.

THE WINTER PALACE.



the Winter Palace during the disturbances
ht, Kodak, Ltd.)

S ON THE SHA-HO.



of General Kuropatkin's camps on the Sha-
seen in the foreground.

RUSSIAN POSTCARD.



Reduced facsimile of a postcard now
being issued by the Russian Red Cross
Society. It represents Michael the
Archangel in Celestial armour, bear-
ing a cross on his shield, with the
text, "By this sign we conquer."

KING HONOURS A HERO.



Mr. Albert V. Hardwick, to whom the
King has awarded the Albert Medal
of the First Class for his exceptional
bravery in saving the life of a woman
at Finsbury Park Station.



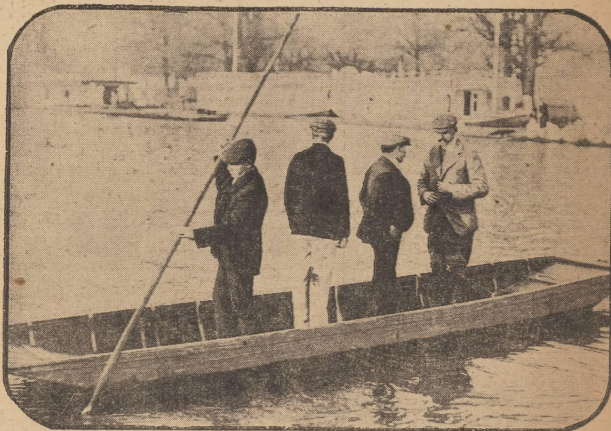
This giant Russian officer was taken
prisoner to Japan, where he made the
suit he is wearing out of towels, as
there were no clothes large enough to
fit him.

VILLAGE ACTORS' HOME-MADE DRAMA.



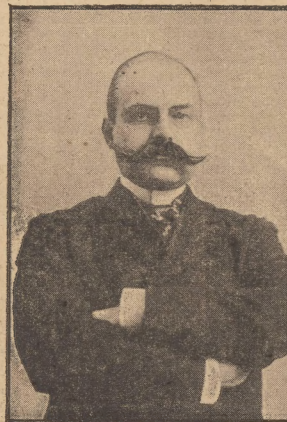
A scene from "The Luck of the Brians," which has just been performed in the
Kentish village of Hildenborough by local working men, including three gardeners,
two blacksmiths, a cripple, and a cycle-fitter. The play was written by two residents
of the village.—(Flemons, Tonbridge.)

OXFORD CREW PRACTISING.



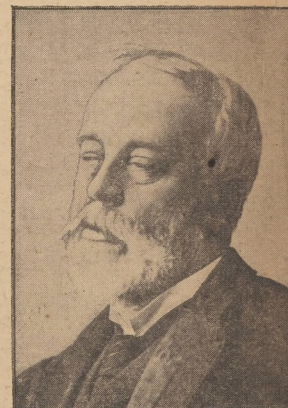
Messrs. Phillips, Bourne, and Fletcher, the Oxford coaches, crossing over to the
tow path before the start of the Oxford crew on a practice run.

ROYAL LOVE STORY.



Prince Victor Napoleon, for whom, it
is said, Princess Clementine of
Belgium has conceived a deep affec-
tion.

SIR RICHARD R. HOLMES.



Librarian of Windsor Castle, whom
his Majesty has just made a Knight
Commander of the Victorian Order.
Sir Richard is in his seventieth year.
—(Russell and Son.)

DAILY MIRROR

GENERAL ELECTION.

Results of the Canvass in the London Boroughs.

SURPRISING FORECAST.

(Continued from page 4.)

lapham—Mr. Percy Thornton (C.). No change. The Liberals have a good candidate in Mr. Frederick Low, K.C., who will take a strong stand on the Education Act, Licensing Act, and free trade.

latham—Mr. C. W. Bowerman (Labour). Liberal gain. Labour questions will figure most prominently in the expected successful candidate's addresses.

insbury (Central)—Mr. J. F. Remant (C.). No change, but a reduced majority.

insbury (Holborn)—Mr. E. A. Goulding (C.). No political change, but a very close poll; the Conservative Party will retain the seat by the votes of the jewellery craftsmen, who anticipate the exclusion of foreign watches by a measure of protection.

insbury (East)—Mr. J. Allen Baker (L.). Liberal gain. The questions at issue will be tariff reform, the Education Act, the housing question, and national expenditure.

latham—Mr. H. A. Fisher (C.). No change. There will be a reduced Conservative majority, the Party having lost much of its old vigour by dissension upon tariff reform. Both Liberal and Conservative candidates are free traders. Labour, education, and licensing will be principally discussed.

reenwich—Lord Hugh Cecil (C.). No change, if the schism in the Unionist ranks caused by Lord Hugh's repudiation of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff policy is averted before polling-day. This seems probable.

lackney (North)—Mr. W. R. Bousfield (C.). No change, in spite of the very determined attack which Mr. H. Davies is making upon the stronghold of Unionism. Tariff reform and the education question will be the principal topics of controversy.

lackney (Central)—Mr. Albert Spicer (L.). Liberal gain. It is expected that the Liberal candidate will draw many Liberal Unionist votes by his outspoken opposition to the Education Act.

lackney (South)—Mr. Herbert Robertson (C.). No change. Mr. Horatio Bottomley's candidature has caused a serious split in the Liberal ranks. A Labour candidate in the person of Mr. Stevenson is already in the field.

latham—Mr. W. J. Bull (C.). No change. Blackie Gordon is a formidable opponent of the prospective Liberal candidate, and Mr. Bull the Labour candidate.

latham—Mr. T. Milvain (C.). No change. Considerable drop in the last Conservative majority.

lington (North)—Sir George Bartley (C.). No change. The sitting member is a follower of Mr. Chamberlain.

Islington (West)—Mr. T. Lough (L.). No change. This will be the most interesting contest in the district. Mr. Lough's majority at the last election being only nineteen. Mr. Medhurst, the Conservative candidate, is a strong tariff reformer, and chairman of the organised Labour Branch of the Tariff Reform League.

Islington (East)—Mr. B. L. Cohen (C.). No change. The hon. member has not changed his mind and he will be a free-trader.

Islington (South)—Sir Albert Rolitt (C.). No change. Sir Albert has not yet expressed an opinion on the fiscal question.

Kensington (North)—Mr. H. Stanger (L.). Liberal gain. Chinese labour and the education question will figure prominently in the contest.

Kensington (South)—Mr. E. Percy (C.). No change. Liberalism is a dormant factor in the constituency and seldom makes its voice heard.

Lambeth (North)—The Conservatives will probably keep the seat, but whether Mr. Horner, the present Member, will be the candidate is doubtful. There is little or no prospect of the success of the Liberal, a personal as well as a political split having occurred, which almost precludes the possibility of adjustment.

Lambeth (Kennington)—Mr. Stephen Collins (L.). Liberal gain. There are evidences of a decided change of feeling among the working class voters, chiefly on the subject of the fiscal controversy. Generally speaking, they are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda. The education question will probably be a not unimportant factor in the result.

Lambeth (Brixton)—Mr. Dalziel (C.). No political change.

Lambeth (Norwood)—Mr. C. E. Tritton (C.). No change. Tariff reform and reduced expenditure will figure largely in the candidates' speeches.

Lewisham—Major Coates (C.). No change.

Marylebone (East)—Mr. E. Boulnois (C.). No change.

Marylebone (West)—Sir Samuel Scott (C.). No change.

Newington (West)—Captain Cecil Norton (L.). No change. The attention of the constituency is chiefly concerned with industrial subjects.

Newington (Walworth)—Mr. C. J. O'Donnell (L.). Liberal gain. The expected result will be largely due to the lack of employment and the rising price of commodities.

Paddington (North)—Mr. Lionel Phillips (C.). No political change.

Paddington (South)—Sir George Farwell (C.). No change.

St. George's (Hanover-square)—Colonel Legge (C.). No change.

St. Pancras (North)—Mr. W. H. Dickinson (L.). Liberal gain. The Chinese labour and dear food questions are expected to turn the scale against the Conservative nominee.

St. Pancras (South)—Captain Jessel (C.). No change.

St. Pancras (East)—Mr. H. C. Lea (L.). Liberal gain. The Conservative candidate is likely to be beaten on the fiscal question.

St. Pancras (West)—Mr. H. R. Graham (C.). No change. A reduced majority.

Shoreditch (Haggerston)—Mr. W. R. Cremer (L.). No change. The increased price of sugar and the Chinese labour question will have considerable influence on the electors in this working-class constituency.

Shoreditch (Hoxton)—Mr. H. Ward (L.). Liberal gain. Free trade and Chinese labour will form the chief topics of discussion.

Southwark (Bermondsey)—Mr. H. J. Cust (C.).

No change. A good fight upon tariff and education questions.

Southwark (Rotherhithe)—Mr. J. C. Macdonald (C.). No change.

Southwark (West)—Mr. R. K. Causton (L.). No change.

Strand—Mr. W. F. D. Smith (C.). No change.

Tower Hamlets (Bow and Bromley)—Mr. Arthur du Cros (C.). No political change. An exciting fight is anticipated.

Tower Hamlets (Limehouse)—Sir Harry Samuel (C.). No change.

Tower Hamlets (Mile End)—Mr. Harry Lawson (C.). No change.

Tower Hamlets (Poplar)—Mr. S. Buxton (L.). No change.

Tower Hamlets (St. George's)—Mr. H. H. Wells (C.). No political change. The pivot on which this election will turn is the aliens question.

Tower Hamlets (Stepney)—Major Evans Gordon (C.). No change. Anti-alienism will be the winning cry.

Tower Hamlets (Whitechapel)—Mr. David Hope Kyd (C.). Conservative gain. Very close finish. It is declared that the Conservative candidate has carefully nursed the constituency, while the sitting member has largely neglected it.

Wandsworth—Sir Henry Kimber, Bart. (C.). No change. Tariff reform, the redistribution of seats, and the aliens question interest the constituency principally.

West Ham (North)—Mr. C. F. G. Masterman (L.). No change. A Conservative split. Tariff reform and education will be the main issues.

West Ham (South)—Mr. Will Thorne (L.). Liberal gain.

Westminster—Liberal victory confidently predicted. Liberal gain. The Conservatives have lost ground since the last election. The erection of workmen's dwellings has brought a large access of numbers to the Liberal strength, and many striking successes at the municipal elections are reported.

Woolwich—Mr. Will Crooks (L.). No change.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

"IF YOU WERE TSAR."

Mr. Swinburne's sonnet against the Tsar has aroused an American poet to protest. This is what Mr. B. H. Nadal writes in the "New York Times," addressing Swinburne:—

If you were he, and in your poet hands
Fortune had placed the crown and marching from afar
Came struggling hosts to parley with their Tsar,
While dead clouds like a pall o'er his wide lands
Hung abounding him where he unhappy stands;
What would you do, O crimson inkpot's Tsar,
Lord of the legion of words that burn and scar?
And in conclusion Mr. Nadal urges:—
Pity the Tsar; few men need more than he,
Born to an unsought Throne, perchance to die
By the fang bomb while ruin falls the sky.

JAPANESE COURTESY.

A well-known British firm in the City of London, who have a large trade with Japan, on the outbreak of the war sent a sum of money to the Japanese Red Cross Society.

When the Japanese loan was floated they received from the Bank of Tokio notice that they could take up a certain number of shares.

The firm did so, and made an excellent profit—another example of the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the Japanese official classes.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"IF I WERE TSAR."

I have read with interest the replies to this question. I should like to ask another question. Out of all the millions in this country, if every one were given the position of Tsar, how many would act as absolute, tyrannical, brutish slave-drivers?

How many do exactly the same thing at present in their own limited affairs? H. W. EDWARDS. Buckland, Dover.

PUBLIC-HOUSES AND TEA.

Why should public-houses be expected to supply tea? It is very seldom asked for except by cyclists and those kind of people whose custom we can do quite well without.

Public-houses exist for the purpose of supplying beer and spirits. You might just as well compel a butcher to sell Brussels sprouts as a publican to provide tea. A BREWER'S AGENT. Victoria-street, S.W.

EARLY CLOSING.

I was glad to see your sensible remarks on this question.

Do you know what is happening in New Zealand? An Act was rushed through last session compelling all shops (except places of refreshment) in the towns to open at eight and close at six. On Saturdays they may stay open till nine, but on Wednesdays they must shut at one.

There is at present going on a tremendous agitation against this absurd measure, which pleases nobody. COLONIAL. Northumberland-avenue.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.



Who will command the second cruiser squadron which will escort the royal yacht during his Majesty's voyage in the Mediterranean.—(Russell and Sons.)

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by one, Anthony Heron, a rich financier, and her husband, Dick Tempest, learning of the new love and being the most unselfish of mortals, sacrificed suicide to clear the path for a new wedding.

Anthony Heron, the lover, shocked by the tragedy, repents, and abandons Vanna Tempest. He persuades her to leave the marriage of her daughter to the Duke of St. Peter's, but Joan is quite unaffected by the exalted social position of the young man.

One day in a picture gallery she makes the acquaintance of an Englishman, whose personal charm compels her admiration. It is Anthony Heron; but she calls him Blaise, and he only knows her by the name of Blaise.

He comes to the conclusion that at last he has met the woman he can love.

In the meantime Vanna, knowing nothing of this, writes to Heron, asking him to call and see her, and he, repelled, but with reluctance. From the beginning of the service her love awakens. Yes, it was no good; it had all come back in a rush—her whole being yearned for him. And Anthony Heron felt only pain and regret, and was quite blind to what was written in her name, because all feeling for her, save a troubled and remorseful friendship, was dead. He tells her so very gently, confessing that he is in love with a beautiful young girl.

Vanna turns to her daughter for comfort and consolation, but tells her nothing. In the meantime the courtship of the Duke of St. Peter's develops; but Joan is cold. She does not want to marry, but she says, "I think I'll say that I shall be engaged to him."

CHAPTER XXII.

Is there no halo in Gilcat? Is there no physician there?—Jeremiah, vii., 22.

A week later Lady Betty Somerville was in Paris, on her way back from the Riviera, and one morn-

ing, in the salons of a great dressmaker in the Place de l'Opera, she noticed a woman, who first attracted her attention by the faultless elegance of her appearance and the empressment with which the head of the house himself, a really great artist, was discussing with her the details of the toilette she was ordering.

Lady Betty observed her closely, because the combination of white cloth and pale grey subde, of which the woman's costume was composed, appealed to her own fastidious taste; but, as she looked, she forgot the gown in a sudden puzzled interest in the woman's face, which was vaguely familiar to her. It was five minutes before she realised who the woman was.

"Mrs. Tempest," said Lady Betty, unceremoniously waving the great man aside, "I hope you have not quite forgotten me."

Vanna looked up. For a moment a shadow, black and hostile, swept over her face; then she smiled and put out her hand.

"Lady Betty, I could never forget you," she said. "And I am delighted to meet you again."

But she did not look delighted. Anything that called up direct memories of that dreadful time agitated her to an almost intolerable extent; and she had not seen Lady Betty since the day when, as Anthony Heron's messenger, that wise, warm-hearted lady had gone out of Rosemary Cottage with the tears streaming down her face, and driven away in her motor-car, feeling that she had assisted at the death struggle of a human soul.

"How she has changed!" thought Lady Betty. Poor thing, it was a tragedy, after all!

You will wish to know, won't you, Mrs. Tempest?" she asked cordially.

"Thank you," said Vanna hesitatingly.

"I'll take no refusal," put in Lady Betty. "You've neglected me shamefully. I claim you this afternoon as a reward."

"It's very good of you," Vanna answered. "I shall be delighted."

They lunched at a restaurant, and talked commonplace, the usual gossip of women, frocks, and scandal. Afterwards Lady Betty took her guest up to her charming salon at the Ritz Hotel,

and they installed themselves in comfortable chairs, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes.

"Are we going to be frank with one another, Mrs. Tempest?" asked her hostess.

"I shall be anything but frank with you, Lady Betty," Vanna answered. "You are the only person I can be really frank with."

"I am deeply interested in you," Lady Betty went on earnestly. "I wanted to be your friend, and you have given me no opportunity. Now, I am sure you do not need my friendship, so, perhaps, you will accept it. You see—I am so fond of Anthony Heron that I can't help feeling in a way responsible for his actions. That is perhaps why I seemed officious to you, and anxious to pry into your life at a time when you wanted nobody. I liked you from the very first. Whatever circumstances we had met under, I should have wanted to be your friend. After three years I hope you were as true to me as I was to you."

"You are very good," Vanna murmured. Her smile was a little painful, as if she were still struggling with bitter memories, but it was perfectly sincere. "I am sure I was horribly ungrateful."

"May I ask you a very plain question—as your friend?"

Vanna nodded.

"Wasn't I right? Haven't you got over it?"

"As a matter of fact," said Vanna in a harsh voice, "I should have told you, even if you had not asked me. You were wrong, Lady Betty, quite, quite wrong."

The other woman gave a little shocked exclamation; the sympathy in her eyes was unmistakable; but there was curiosity, too, and a great bewilderment.

"For three years and a half," Vanna went on, "I was dead—worse than dead, for in death at least there is peace. I had no interest in life whatever, except to cover my body with rags. That is innate in me—I can't help it. Not even the passing through hell could make me indifferent to clothes. You look horrified. I am afraid I shall horrify you still more."

Lady Betty shook her head.

"I am not horrified," she said gently. "I am

very sorry, and I am wondering why this sort of thing should be."

"It is," said Vanna bitterly. "If you had felt it you would not ask why it was—it would be enough for you to know. But, Lady Betty, I am dead no longer now."

"Why?"

"Because I have seen Tony again."

Lady Betty gasped.

"You mean that," she faltered; "you—you—still care?"

"I still care. Do you remember, Lady Betty, how, on that day, when you came down and told me he had gone away, you also told me that I should get over it, and I said that three years, or five, or ten, could make no difference. More than three years have passed, Lady Betty, and I have seen him again, and I still say the same thing."

"You have seen Tony?" asked Lady Betty.

"Yes. The other day I heard that he was in Paris, and I wrote and asked him to come and see me. Lady Betty, he has not changed one atom."

"The last three years," said her friend, "have been for him the most amazingly successful in his whole life."

"I know it. He looks it. He—he was very nice to me."

"Do you mean to say that he—forgive the expression—that he has come back to you? Why, that is splendid! You will be happy, after all. You will marry him. I could wish for nothing better."

Under the smile with which Vanna greeted these enthusiastic words was the bitterness of one who has received a mortal wound.

"No, Lady Betty," she said, with a strange, frozen calm, "it is not me he is going to marry."

Lady Betty sat upright in her chair.

"You mean that he is going to marry someone else? But he has told me nothing—nobody has the ghost of an idea."

"He told me," said Vanna, "because I asked him."

Lady Betty was silent; her eyes were fixed on her slender, jewelled hands.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE FOLLY OF THRIFT.

Well-known Writer Says It Is Foolish of Wage-earners to Save.

"UNCTUOUS WISDOM."

Why Is the Working Man Always Being Recommended to Put by Money?

By BART KENNEDY.

The "Daily Mirror" does not identify itself with the opinions expressed in this striking article. They are, however, the genuine opinions of a well-known and popular writer, and, as such, deserve attention.

The working classes who make a bare existence are all the time being counselled to practise the virtue of thrift.

Well-clad and well-housed and well-fed ministers of the Gospel stand up in pulpits and deal forth words of unctuous wisdom to the effect that the lower orders should economise on their beer and tobacco and enjoyments generally.

These starvelings at the feast of life are adjured to save money out of their low earnings. The lack of thrift of the working man! This subject causes taps of various kinds of hypocritical eloquence to flow. It is one of the favourite themes of the millionaire and the statesman and the bishop.

And I don't wonder.

THRIFT SUPPORTS MILLIONAIRES.

For the thrift of the lower orders is the opportunity of these eloquent persons. But for that thrift—which is a folly of the most foolish kind—the millionaire would be unable to steal his millions, and the statesmen and bishops and others of that useful ilk would be unable to revel luxuriously in their present fat salaries.

Even I myself would lapse into flowing and dulcet periods of oratory concerning thrift were I a statesman or a bishop or a millionaire. I would blossom forth into a Demosthenes.

Here let me state a cold fact.

The wages of all people that work with the hands have an irresistible tendency to sink to a certain point. This point is represented by the standard of comfort at which the workman can, or is, satisfied to live. I wish to make this as clear as I can, for it is the crux of the whole subject.

If you are a coolie who lives upon rice, and wears little more than a loin-cloth, your wages will be at the point where you can just buy the rice and the few slight coverings you need. Your wages will sink no lower than this point, for were it to do so you would sicken and die, and you would be no longer of use to your employer. And your wages will not rise above the living point, for there are plenty of other coolies who are satisfied to do your work for a bare living. You are kept exactly at the point where you are of the most use to your em-

ployer. You are allowed to live, and no more. You are getting what is called a living wage.

If, on the other hand, you are an English working man you will get just the amount of wages that will satisfy the general idea of living and comfort of men of your own class. Here there is hardly the absolute, ironclad definition of the wage-point that there is in the case of the coolie, for Englishmen naturally wish to do better than to just get a bare living. Englishmen like to drink and to smoke and to enjoy themselves. They refuse to live as the spiritless coolie lives. They try to keep up to a certain standard of comfort.

And so there comes to be a slight margin over after the actual life-wants of the Englishman are satisfied.

This margin the employer is always trying to steal. He is always endeavouring to force the Englishman into the position of the coolie, who is allowed to barely live and no more. I don't say that absolutely all employers are like this, but practically the universal tendency is to try and steal from the English worker the little margin that is left over from his wages after he has bought food for himself and his family.

One of the ways of doing this is to preach thrift to him. He is told to deny and stint himself so that he can save. And bishops and statesmen and others are turned loose upon him, for all these

them live fully up to their incomes, and many of them live past it.

Money is round, and it was made to go round. If everyone in the world were to hoard up their money business would come to a standstill.

The miser is a far greater danger to the State than a burglar.

Let us be just, however. Let us have fair play. The people who so strenuously advise the working man to save up are not actuated with the spirit of the miser. They are jolly, whole-souled persons who want to get at and spend this thrift-gain money for themselves. They are the drones who hunger after the honey that the working bees have hoarded.

In a sort of a way I admire them. They are sharp persons who have solved the deep problem of living dishonestly without getting into gaol.

AN UNPLEASANT VIRTUE.

Thrift is against the law of nature. Nature is profuse and open-handed and lavish. She spends everything she has without fear and thought of the morrow.

Thrift is at best but a cowardly virtue. And a cowardly virtue is far more criminal than a good, healthy, open-and-above-board vice.

Working men! Pay no attention to these fellows who preach thrift to you. Remember that they are jokers. Jokers of talent, of course, but still jokers. Spend your bit while you have a chance. It is a poor heart that never rejoices. And also remember that the time will come into the world when things will be made better for you. But it will not come by the way of hoarding up your earnings, so that sharp men who don't work can collar them. It will only come by your demanding more than you have at present. Beware of thrift!

BART KENNEDY.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

The Fashionable Diet.

Vegetarianism, once the peculiarity of a small section of the middle classes, has recently made many converts in aristocratic circles. It promises to become as fashionable as bridge.—The "Lady."

The Old Order.

The Russian peasant's love for the Tsar is that of a child, his religion a superstition and a fear rather than a devotion. His welfare in this world is in his Tsar's hand, in the next in God's.—"Temple Bar."

Books Replace Tradition.

Boys' games used to be taught by the older boys to their young companions; now, there are books containing collections of games for all seasons, and even the youngest may go to these for rules and directions.—St. Nicholas.

The Power of the Pit.

That the pit is an important part of the house every theatre manager in London will testify. When a play fails it always appears that the pit has been practically empty at each performance.—The "Actor Illustrated."

The Latest Fad.

Bedroom, nursery, and "den" door-knockers are one of the latest fads of the frivolous. It is rather a charming notion to have a knocker on one's own particular room door, and makes the room seem more than ever private. The "County Gentleman."



Mr. BART KENNEDY,
Author of "The Folly of Thrift."
(Photograph by Bassano.)

people are in league with his employers to rob him.

He saves, and what happens?

Why, the money is stolen from him in an underhand way. As soon as his landlord thinks he can stand it his rent is raised, or his wages are lowered by his employer. There comes into play the tendency to force wages down to the bare living point. There are many ways of stealing what he has saved, but this is the chief way.

As a matter of fact, the people who preach thrift to him are not thrifty themselves. Almost all of

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

"You can speak of it," said Vanna. "There is one thing about me—nothing can hurt me more than I have been hurt. I suppose there ought to be comfort in that."

"Who is he going to marry?" asked Lady Betty. "I am immensely astonished. I saw him a very little while ago, in Monte Carlo. There was no hint of anything like that—and Tony has always confided in me."

"He did not tell me her name," said Vanna. "Did he say anything about her at all?" "That she was young and fresh and innocent and like a rose," said Vanna in a dreamy voice. "That is all."

"I thought so," muttered the other woman. "I knew it would be like that. I prophesied it—a schoolgirl—a bread-and-butter miss. I wonder who on earth she is!" She pulled herself up sharply, and fell into a rather embarrassed silence. It seemed almost indecent to express curiosity about the girl Anthony Heron was going to marry in the face of this woman's bitter and almost desperate admission that she still loved him.

"So you see, Lady Betty, you were wrong," said Vanna. She leaned back in her chair and pressed her hand wearily over her eyes, and a terribly hopeless sigh escaped her.

"My dear—it's only three years, after all," said Lady Betty rather lamely. "It is not so long." "Three, or five, or ten—it makes no difference. There is nothing for me—I shall never forget him. You did not think women were so constant, did you?"

"I think," said Lady Betty very seriously, "that in a way it ought to be a consolation to you."

"You mean that it ought to make me feel less wretched? But it does not make life any more tolerable."

Lady Betty sighed. She did not know what to say. With all her brains and all her worldliness she was too much of a woman to regard Vanna Tempest in the light of a curious human document, and to take pleasure in analysing the various phases of her strange and sorrowful story.

"Don't let's talk about Tony any more," she said presently. "When I am with you, I am very angry with him."

"You must not be that," said Vanna, and in her voice was still a lingering tenderness to superhumanly forgiving that the worldly Lady Betty, hearing it, felt a queer and uncomfortable lump rising in her throat. "I told him the other day that I did not blame him—that I had never blamed him. It's true."

"You are incredibly generous, my dear," said the other woman. "He behaved very badly; and I am no doubt about it. He was a coward. I did not think so at the time. Now, after these three years, I see more clearly, and I am sure of it. Let us forget him. Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing. It is the sum of all the things I have done." Lady Betty eyed her with a mixture of awe and admiration. There was something sublime in this unswerving constancy. It seemed to make up for all things; it seemed to transform into a virtue what had once been a sin.

"And how is your daughter?" she asked. "I have a most vivid remembrance of her, although I only saw her once. A most interesting child. I am sure she is very beautiful now."

"People say she is," admitted Vanna. "She is a good girl—far too good to be my child." It was very different from what she had said to Tony Heron a few days before. "She has been a great disappointment to me. I find her my exact opposite in every respect." And, strangely enough, it was Tony Heron's visit to her, and her blank and uncontrollable misery, when he had gone, that had

made it possible for her to speak so differently of the girl to-day.

"I should like to talk to you about my daughter," she went on. "Lady Betty, I know that you are good, as well as wise, and I know that you can look at things from a large point of view. I know it, because when you came to me on that day, you said the only things that could be said. If anyone else had come and told me that Tony had gone away, I should have killed myself. And so, I want to tell you something and to ask your advice. It's about Joan. There is a man who is in love with her and wants to marry her. He is everything that I could wish—more than anything I could ever have expected. I have no doubt you know him. The Duke of St. Peter's."

"Good gracious, of course I know him!" exclaimed Lady Betty. "And a better boy never lived. A little too careless and easy-going, and fond of talking, but a thorough dear. My dear, I can imagine nothing better. And, of course, he is very wealthy, and naturally his wife will be one of the first women in England. Your daughter is a most fortunate girl."

"She is a most peculiar one," said Vanna rather uneasily. "She is very, very young, Lady Betty—absurdly young, even for her age, and she is only seventeen. Yet, she has accepted him, and she is very wealthy, and naturally thought in her head."

"Then she is in love with him, of course!" "She does not know what love means. You don't know how it terrifies me."

"My dear, you are nervous—it's natural, perhaps. But she will soon find out what love means. Harry St. Peter's is a most lovable fellow. I consider her a most lucky girl. You say she has definitely accepted him?"

"Yes—she did it of her own accord. I could do nothing but insist on a long engagement—at least a year—and Harry agrees with me. Personally, I like him immensely. We are going to England at the end of the month to stay at Petersburg."

WILL VLADIVOSTOK BE ATTACKED?

Its Possession Would Enable Japan To Demand a Huge War Indemnity.

"It is difficult for the commander of a fleet to command a fleet which does not exist."

These are the words of Admiral Skrydloff, late of the Russian Vladivostok squadron (or should we say of the late Vladivostok squadron), who is now in Paris. Should the Japanese decide to take the other great Russian fortress in the Far East, the need here, therefore, no naval opposition.

The Russians believe that after her experience at Port Arthur Japan will hesitate at another siege. Yet there are good reasons for reducing Vladivostok to a genuine Russian territory, and with the fortress in their hands the Japanese could demand an indemnity from Russia, the threat of keeping it permanently. Therefore Vladivostok may very likely be attacked from the sea as soon as the ice melts, which will be in about a month's time.

If so, another prolonged siege will ensue. The commander at Vladivostok is General Linievitch, universally regarded as one of the Tsar's best soldiers. Moreover, Vladivostok is, as a Russian port, "Port Arthur triplicated." It has got fortified in a hurry. It was a first-class port forty years ago.

Its natural strength is tremendous. Seven hundred big guns dominate all approaches, and on the land side are three vast lines of forts, bristling with artillery. Great mysteries have been maintained as to the strength of the garrison. Before the war it was only 15,000. But when Port Arthur was attacked the whole First Army Corps, which newspapers affirmed had reinforced Kuropatkin, was secretly dispatched to the sister fortress.

NOT AFRAID OF COLD.

Woman Who Has Lived on a Houseboat and Bathed in the Thames All the Winter.

"River folk" know the houseboat Myosotis, but, as they usually keep away from the Thames during the depth of winter, they will be surprised to hear that life on board has not changed all through the bitterly cold weather.

Mrs. Humphrey, who owns the Myosotis, instead of leaving her boat for the winter, stayed on board at Staines, and kept up her open-air life. Every morning from April on until a few days ago, she took her morning swim, whether the river was in flood or calm as a pool.

When Mrs. Humphrey started this heroic life she was suffering from neuritis, and specialists done her no good, so she chose her own way in spite of their warnings.

The treatment proved a great success until the weather of the last few days has been so severe, and Mrs. Humphrey has not only had to give up her treatment, but has broken down under its severity, and has been obliged to leave her home for a hospital.

Once or twice the household on board the boat had rather exciting times. On one of the nearly sun-faded floors, and once on the main-deck, a maid-servant fell, and once a child was drowned in Mrs. Humphrey, who is an excellent swimmer, had not dived in and rescued her.

"My dear, I congratulate you."

Vanna sighed deeply.

"If I could only think that she will care for him."

"Of course, she will!" exclaimed Lady Betty. She could not get rid of the worldly point of view, despite all her broad-mindedness and her philosophy. "When you leave Petersburg, you must come and stay with me; you must show the girl a bit of London life. Oh, but I insist! Sarah is a faddist; she hardly ever comes to town. My dear, you have a duty to your daughter. She will have a very brilliant, and, I am sure, a very happy life."

Vanna had risen to her feet.

"You have comforted me a little, Lady Betty," she said, but she sighed again. "I suppose I am a fool; but I have suffered so. I must go now; what an age I have stayed! And I had promised to play bridge this afternoon. It was so good to see you again."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you in the future," responded the other woman warmly. "And you must bring your girl to see me. Bring her to-morrow to lunch, will you? I am delighted. I heard Harry was staying in Paris, but I had no idea what he was up to."

Vanna's face had suddenly stiffened.

"Lady Betty," she asked, "is Harry a great friend of—of Tony's?"

"Not particularly," was the cheerful answer. "You needn't be afraid. Oh, by the way—"

Lady Betty's own face grew blank.

"I had forgotten to tell you that. A few months ago he bought a little place down on the South Coast, and it happens to adjoin Petersburg. But he won't be down there in the middle of the season."

"Unless," said Vanna tonelessly, "he brings his bride there."

"I wonder who on earth the girl he is going to marry can be," murmured Lady Betty; and she asked herself that question all the rest of the day.

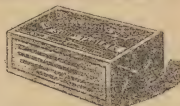
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BELINDA MADE BEAUTIFUL FOR HER FIRST LONDON SEASON.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS

HOW A VERY PLAIN GIRL WAS TRANSFORMED.

"The woman who engages her interests in the pursuit of beauty acquires also health, grace, and charm, for there is no real beauty without these three qualities," said the woman who had just confessed to the age of forty-five. Her own friends called her the Siren, to her ordinary acquaintances she was known as Mrs. Tempest, and her age was estimated at anything from thirty to thirty-four.

Too Redundant Form.

"But look at Belinda," groaned her companion, another woman of five-and-forty, who had allowed the idea of age to creep into her mind, and therefore to express itself in the lines beneath her eyes and in her too redundant form. "Even though I am her mother, I confess that I feel hopeless about her prospects of acquiring either beauty or charm. And she is only just eighteen, and is to come out this season. What is to be done with her?"

An Unpromising Subject.

With the air of one who studies a new specimen, Mrs. Tempest looked across her hostess's drawing-room, and thoughtfully surveyed the girl who had just been pronounced hopeless. It was a cold day, and Belinda, who had come in from a walk, was sprawling ungracefully in a chair drawn up to a roaring fire, and was engaged in drinking hot tea and eating unlimited crumpets.

Her tip-tilted nose shone with the combined effects of indignation and hot tea; her round, chubby cheeks showed unbecoming hues of purple and red; her blue eyes, the redeeming feature in her face, were shaded with eyelashes that were too thin and light, and her figure was chiefly noticeable for its stumpiness and lack of grace. Belinda, in short, presented the aspect of a homely and dowdy-looking girl.

Belinda's Beauty in Good Hands.

"What is to be done?" inquired the mother anxiously. "We are going up to town for the season, and I am to present Belinda. You know I have been away during this last year, and Belinda has practically run wild in the country. And she cares so little for appearance, and will take no interest in the subject of her complexion. Now you are so clever. Could you do anything with Belinda?"

For another moment Mrs. Tempest critically surveyed Belinda.

"If Belinda will put herself in my charge for the next three months, I could utterly transform her appearance," she said emphatically. "Will you allow her to come and stay with me? You know she has rather a liking for me, and to please me she might consent to take more pains with herself."

Belinda's mother expressed her delight, and Belinda herself was summoned from her comfortable position by the fire to hear the ultimatum.

"Belinda," said Mrs. Tempest, taking the girl's red fingers between her own beautiful hands, "you are coming to stay with me, and I want you to promise to obey all my orders." "All right," said

Belinda carelessly. "I shall love to stay with you, and I know you won't tell me to do anything I really don't want to do."

Mrs. Tempest looked down at the girl's mottled complexion, noticing at the same time the dull, lustreless look of her red-brown hair. "You will be dressing for dinner shortly," said Mrs. Tempest. "Tell me, how do you wash your face?"

"With hot water and yellow soap," replied Belinda. "I wash it three times a day in that

skin. Then she began a circular friction with the palm of her hand, rubbing the cream upwards on her face, and never towards the chin. This massage took ten minutes, great care being exercised with regard to the tender parts of the face beneath the eyes.

"Now the cream is quite absorbed into the skin, and I proceed to massage again with bran. Some people prefer powdered oatmeal, but bran happens to suit my skin better," said Mrs. Tempest. The

the skin with the palms of my hands," resumed Mrs. Tempest, carrying out her own words. "And now, Belinda, how does my skin look?"

"Exquisite!" cried Belinda in admiration of the clear skin that glowed like a rose with the recent friction. "If I hadn't seen you go through all this process I should have said your cheeks were painted."

"Now," said Mrs. Tempest, "it is your turn. Sit down and let me experiment on you."

(To be continued.)



Clothes for schoolroom girls form the subject of the above picture. The one on the left is a blue serge model, with little bronze braid bands and small buttons upon the bodice and a green velvet collar, and the other is a brown chevrot frock, with a brown and green plaid coat and a brown velvet collar and cuffs.

STARCHY FOOD.

It Works Havoc with Some.

Persons who eat wheat or oats which have to be prepared by the cook frequently find they are unable to digest the starchy mass, and bowel troubles ensue.

A lady in Toronto, Canada, speaks of her own case, which is duplicated in every section of the Empire.

"After eating porridge of rolled oats for breakfast for some time I began suffering with bilious dysentery, and it kept on in spite of all kinds of treatment, until I was forced to the conclusion the rolled oats caused the trouble because I could not digest them, and therefore the starch fermented and kept up the dysentery."

"So, having heard that Grape-Nuts food was predigested, I concluded to quit the oats and use Grape-Nuts. I felt a benefit right away, but I had got in such a chronic state it took nearly three months before I was really cured."

"The improvement mentally was as great as physically. I use Grape-Nuts for my breakfast, and at times at night if I am very tired, and the result in strength and 'feel good' is fine."

"I am entirely well now of my old trouble. It never comes on me any more." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-Lane, E.C.

Ten days on Grape-Nuts fully cooked and predigested food in place of the soft, sticky, starchy masses too often served for breakfast, is worth trial, and will work wonders. There's a reason.

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way. Even in the country my face seems to get dirty, and my nose is always covered with black specks."

"To-night, Belinda," said Mrs. Tempest firmly, "you will come into my room, and I will show you how to wash your face."

An hour later Belinda stood in her white dressing-gown, watching with wide open eyes the way in which Mrs. Tempest freshened her face.

"Once a week I steam my face," said Mrs. Tempest, lighting the spirit-lamp that heated a small 'steamer'. "This small 'steamer' only cost me a little over half a crown, and I find it invaluable as a cleanser of the pores of my skin."

A Useful Steamer.

She knelt down in front of the glass funnel through which the water now boiling in the brass reservoir was condensing into steam. A towel arranged over her hair and drawn over the glass funnel prevented the moisture from escaping into the atmosphere, and Belinda noticed that Mrs. Tempest carefully alternated each cheek to receive the cloud of soothing spray from the steamer.

"I put a small pinch of borax in the water to soften it," said Mrs. Tempest, when, at the end of five minutes, she had finished the steaming process, and was now bathing her face in ice-cold water, in which a few drops of toilet vinegar had been sprinkled. "Now I dry my face with this soft towel, and then I begin the massage with my own home-made cold-cream."

She dipped her fingers into the pot of cold cream, and smeared the unguent well over the

same massage movements were practically followed with the fingers dipped in bran until the latter came off the face in small lumps.

"Now I dip this flannel in rosewater and pass it over my cheeks, and then I finally dry and polish

the skin with the palms of my hands," resumed Mrs. Tempest, carrying out her own words. "And now, Belinda, how does my skin look?"

"Exquisite!" cried Belinda in admiration of the clear skin that glowed like a rose with the recent friction. "If I hadn't seen you go through all this process I should have said your cheeks were painted."

"Now," said Mrs. Tempest, "it is your turn. Sit down and let me experiment on you."

(To be continued.)

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WHY NOT HORSLEY AT BACK?

When Mr. S. M. J. Woods stated in print after the Wales and England match at Cardiff that England would not make much change in their fifteen, I thought that on mature consideration he would probably re-arrange his views, and that if he held to his first impressions he would find himself in disagreement with his brother selectors.

Whether Mr. Woods clung to his original opinion, or whether he was overcome by the majority, I do not know, but the English fifteen to oppose Ireland at Cork on Saturday week have been picked, and as I expected would be the case, there are several changes, only eight of those who played against the Welshmen being retained.

It is, of course, too much to expect that their choice of new men will meet with entire approval, but the committee have at least done one wise thing—they have dropped the men who were mainly responsible for the Cardiff catastrophe, and who, by the general consensus of opinion, should have been left out.

In my notes on the game I stated that Irvin, Dillon, Raphael and Palmer must all go, and they have gone. That is well. They proved themselves quite incompetent, as was generally thought would be the case. Of the three-quarters Cooper alone keeps his place, and no exception can be taken to his inclusion. Badly served by the centres, he did fairly well, and was quite entitled to another trial. Under more favourable circumstances he should be seen to better advantage, for he is unquestionably a versatile player. He came in as reserve three-quarter at Cardiff, and was far and away the best of the English four.

Two New Three-Quarters.

Two of the vacant places have been filled as I anticipated. Simpson, of Northumberland, goes on the left wing and Brettburgh, of Lancashire, will be the right centre to Cooper. Both men were mainly responsible for the Cardiff catastrophe, and who, by the general consensus of opinion, should have been left out.

I must confess I have not thought of Shewing as the other centre, and if he is really worth his place it is curious he was not selected for the Cardiff match. Playing for Bristol he has had plenty of experience against Welsh clubs, and presumably would be better able to cope with Welsh methods than those of Irishmen, against whom he has probably never played. Yet when everyone was clamouring for backs who were acquainted with the Welsh game Shewing was passed over for the one match in which he might have been of great service, and is now picked for an encounter in which that particular quality is not so essential. Such are the ways of a committee. If the choice is wise, though belated, no more need be said.

Irvin has played his first international, and, as I remarked at the time, I grimly suspect it will be his last. The committee have fallen back on Stanger-Leathes, as they ought to have done in the first instance if they were going on the North and South match at Devonport as a test. On that occasion Stanger-Leathes was the better full-back, though he certainly did not attain to international form.

The Selection of the Back.

As my readers well know, my view is that Horsley should have been picked. The fact that he is now playing at three-quarter should not tell against him. Gamin frequently played in the three-quarter line, and H. J. Stevenson, the Scotsman, did so, but that fact did not prevent their being good at full-back. The last Midlands full-back, Leigh, was originally a three-quarter, and last week Dixon, of Rosslyn Park, went back for Midlands, and did so with capacity. George Davies, who is the Welsh full-back, first gained his cap as a three-quarter, and Arthur Gould stepped from the last post of defence to three-quarter.

But Horsley is essentially a full-back, and in that position gained marked distinction at Cambridge. I must confess that a more finished exposition of back play I have not seen this season than that given by Horsley for the Fettesian-Lorettonians at Richmond. On his Cambridge form and his display on that occasion he should have been preferred to either Stanger-Leathes or Irvin. The last-named should never have been in the running.

I thought, possibly, that either Stoop or Mainprice would have been preferred to Butcher as one of the halves. Hulme, on his work in the Cardiff match, was certain to be chosen. Still, I am not disposed to quarrel with the course taken by the committee. Butcher and Hulme did tolerably well together, and are perhaps entitled to another trial.

Basil Hill III.

I knew that at least two changes would be made among the forwards. Cave is not quite heavy enough, and Basil Hill, who would have been one of the first to be chosen, is, unhappily, not in the best of health. He was really not fit in the North and South match, and he looked none too well at Cardiff. If the trouble is as serious as I am told, I am afraid his football career is ended.

I was not prepared for the leaving out of Gibson, Northumbrian, as he is a big, strapping man, and did his share of the work against Wales. Vickary, Green, and Gryllo, who are in an England fifteen for the first time, are capital scrummers, and the pack should be quite as good as at Cardiff—and it was then good enough for most matches.

That an improvement has been effected cannot be questioned, and one can only hope that all the men, particularly the three-quarters, will find themselves able to make the long journey to Cork. In the matter of backs England will not have to face such a dangerous combination as at Cardiff, and one may look forward to the match on the 11th with some degree of confidence. It is impossible to draw any conclusion between the two fifteens, as only five of the selected England fifteen and four Irishmen took part in the match at Blackheath last year.

TOUCH JUDGE.

Having no League match on Saturday next, West Bromwich Albion will meet Leeds in a friendly game at Leeds.

The injury which Brown, the Villa back, sustained at Roker Park may keep him out of the Cup-tie against Leicester Fosse next Saturday.

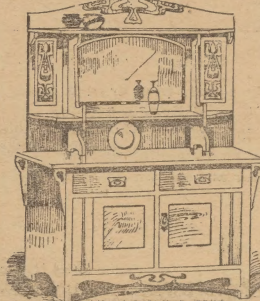
The lease of the Small Heath football ground expires next year. Negotiations are in progress for a renewal for ten years, and only a few minor details remain to be settled.

The Cleckheaton Rugby Union F.C. are stated to be in such serious difficulties that they will be unable to fulfil their engagements this season. Cleckheaton is one of the oldest clubs in Yorkshire.

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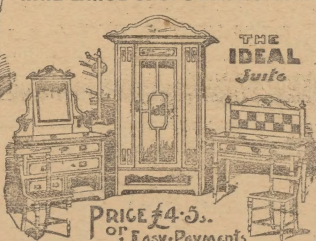
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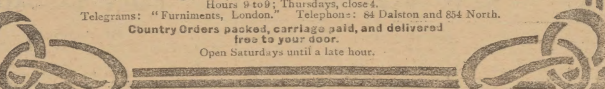
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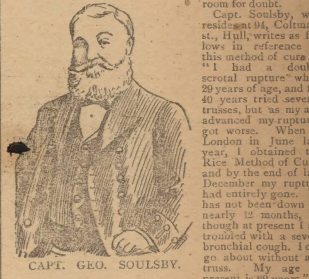
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